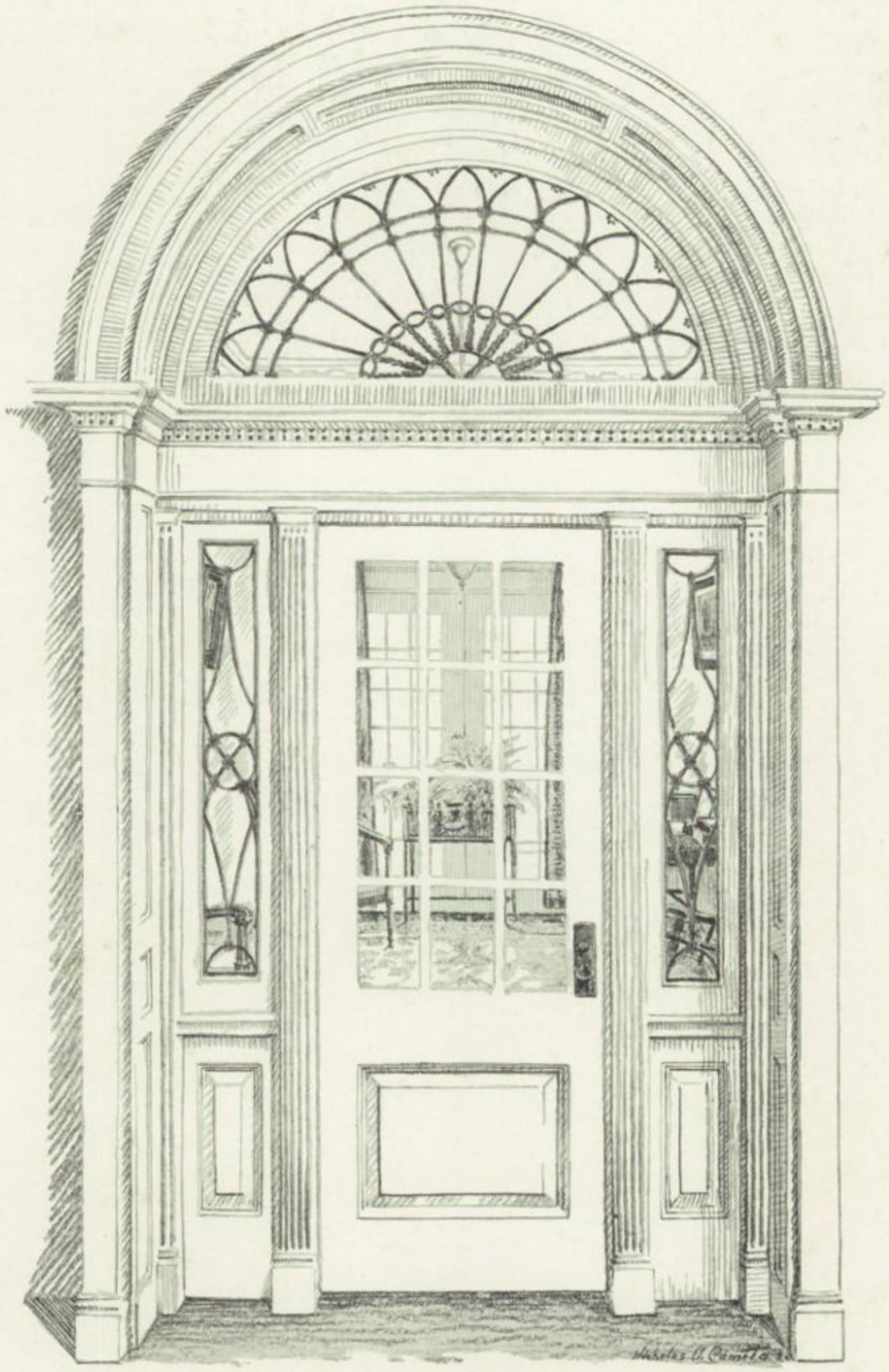
Slotter

1951

K.F.W. FOREST SCHOOL
AD SVM.MVM
MCMXVIII

Lyssa and Stanley Odlum



JOAN MARKSON, '54

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!

ROBERT BURNS

THE 1951 BLOTTER

VOLUME THIRTY · MAY, 1951

PUBLISHED BY THE
KEW-FOREST SCHOOL

FOREST HILLS, NEW YORK

"To see oursel's as ithers see us"

The joy of it, and yet the woe—
The mirth, but still the grief—
To see oneself through others' eyes
Awakens disbelief.

The hopes, the fears, the vain attempts,
The bitter inner strife,
If pictured in another light,
Commend a better life.

Nor is this true of us alone,
But common to man's aim
Of peace and happiness and calm.
'Tis the selfless win acclaim.

If all the world could see itself,
Could seek within its own,
Nor be afraid to see what's there
A shack would be a throne.

DEDICATION

To Kew-Forest School Alumni, who are serving in the Armed Forces of the United States of America, and who are finding a reason for this interruption of their regular lives in the hope that they may help bring Peace to this War-troubled World,

We gratefully and proudly dedicate

THE BLOTTER of 1951

William Merrill Becker, Jr., Kew-Forest, '46, Amherst, '50—United States Army

James L. Dixon, Jr., Kew-Forest, '46, Duke, '51—United States Navy

Arthur H. Hess, Kew-Forest, '49, Adelphi—United States Air Force

Bradford N. Scharf, Kew-Forest, '49—United States Army

Henry T. Schwaeber, Kew-Forest, '50, New York University—United States Coast Guard

Robert Joseph Staab, Kew-Forest, '50—United States Air Force

JAMES L. DIXON, A.M., Ed.D
Rutgers
Headmaster

With every good wish
to Lynn and Stanley,—
James L. Dixon

To the Pupils of Kew-Forest School:

Of scant avail a good resolve
Or well disposed intent,
If words and ways of life do fail
The goodly purpose meant.

One's entire being must proclaim
The worthy contemplation,
For kindly thought oft wasted is
Through poor communication.

One's works and deeds the loudest speak,
The purpose good howbeit.
The measure of a life's true worth
Must be as others see it.

James L. Dixon

LUCY ALLEN SMART (Mrs.)

A.B., A.M.
Ohio State University

Dean and Librarian

With best wishes to
Lynn and Stanley
Lucy Allen Smart

Trustees of Kew-Forest School

Seated—Charles D. Prutzman; Edmund W. Fitzgerald; Dr. Marlo P. Bates, Treasurer; Arthur H. Wheaton, Vice-President and Counsel; Hon. Nicholas M. Pette, President; Theodore Newhouse, Secretary; Sidney M. Berman; Marshall A. Nelsen. *Standing*—Elmer M. Burden; Harold E. Brown; Robert C. Knecht; George Beyer, Jr.; Dr. James L. Dixon, Headmaster; Edward F. Coffey; G. Piers Brookfield; Jerome F. Glasser; Benjamin W. Streifler. *Not present*—Henry H. Hart; Charles A. Hersey; Gandolfo Schimenti; Julius Stulman.

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HAZEL B. ROBISON (Mrs.)
A.B. Pembroke College
A.M. New York University
English

ELEANOR S. PITTS (Miss)
A.B. Mt. Holyoke College
A.M. Columbia University
Social Sciences

MARY MARGARET BARLOW (Mrs.)
A.B. University of Washington
Intermediate English

LOUISE V. SMITH (Mrs.)
B.S. Northwestern University
Science, Mathematics and Remedial Reading

HELEN L. OGDEN (Mrs.)
A.B. St. Lawrence University
Science and Mathematics

CHARLES WILLIAM DELAHUNT
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A.B. University of Michigan
A.M. Columbia University
Physical and Health Education

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Kindergarten

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A.M. Western Reserve University
Sorbonne, Paris, Cours de civilisation française
Universidad Nacional de Mexico, Escuela de Verano
French and Spanish

MARGERY SOHL MITCHELL (Mrs.)
A.B. Wellesley College
A.M. Columbia University
English and Social Sciences

GRACE B. ZIMMERMANN (Mrs.)
A.B. Barnard College
A.M. Columbia University
Latin

CAROLINE FEUDALE (Miss)
A.B. Hunter College
Primary Two and Three

JANE C. KEELY (Mrs.)
A.B. Wellesley College
A.M. Columbia University
Kindergarten

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A.B. Middlebury College
Assistant in Social Studies and Physical Education

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Music

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B.A. Marymount College
Assistant in Primary Grades

VIRGINIA F. MARTIN (Mrs.)
Secretary

LILLIAN R. RICCA (Mrs.)
B.S. Adelphi College
Secretary

THE FACULTY INFORMALLY

Top—Sweet and low—Mr. George Cronemiller, Mrs. Shirley Thomas, Miss Babette Harper. A Study in Concentration—Dr. James L. Dixon. Kew-Forest Schoo-ool—Mrs. Lillian Ricca. *Center*—Her Native Habitat—Dean Lucy Allen Smart. A Labor of Love—Mrs. Jane Keely. Our Koffee Klotchers—Mrs. Margery Mitchell, Miss Maria Sottosanti, Miss Caroline Feudale. *Bottom*—Time Out—Mrs. Helen Ogden, Mrs. Louise Smith, Mrs. Hazel Robison. Ah-h-h Spring—Miss Eleanor Pitts, Mr. Homer Cleary.

SENIORS

All hail the lordly senior

Who glows with radiant beams

Of meritorious glory

In underclassmen's dreams.

Dear Lynn,
To a very sweet girl I wish loads of luck and happiness.
Love,
Gerry

GERALDINE BEENSTOCK

"Gerry"

"Beauty is power; a smile is its sword."

1950-51: Student Council; *Blotter* Co-Business Manager; Tri-Lingual Club; Girls Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Varsity Basketball Team; Song Leader Red Team.

1949-50: *Blotter* Board; Le Salon Français; Girls Glee Club; Varsity Softball Team.

1948-49: Le Salon Français; Girls Glee Club; Varsity Softball Team.

1947-48: Girls Glee Club.

1946-47: Vice-President Prep. Class; Girls Glee Club; Junior Varsity Hockey Team.

Dear Lynn:
To a swell girl who is going to have all the success and happiness in the future
Best of luck
Johnny

JOHN ROBERT BREHMER

"Johnny"

"Of science and logic he chatters,
As fine and as fast as he can."

1950-51: Student Council; President Senior Class; Assistant-Manager Debating Team; Boys Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Varsity Soccer Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team; Platter Purveyors; Chairman Student Activities Committee; Projector Club; Traffic Squad.

1949-50: Student Council; Debating Team; President Classical Club; President Boys Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Platter Purveyors; Projector Club.

1948-49: Studio Club; Junior Varsity Softball Team; Captain Junior Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Projector Club.

1947-48: Junior Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Junior Varsity Baseball Team.

1946-47: Junior Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Junior Varsity Baseball Team.

Richard Henry Bush

"Dick"

"The field's his study; nature was his book."

1950-51: Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team.

1949-50: Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team.

1948-49: Studio Club; Junior Varsity Softball Team; Junior Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team.

Nancy Joy Cantor

"She that was ever fair and never proud
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud."

1950-51: Student Council; Tri-Lingual Club; Steering Committee Girls Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Song Leader Blue Team.

1949-50: Secretary El Circulo Panamericano; Girls Glee Club; Manager Varsity Basketball Team.

CHARLES IVAX CASTRO

"Charley"

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

1950-51: Boys Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Varsity Soccer Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team; Platter Purveyors; Traffic Squad.

1949-50: Boys Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Varsity Soccer Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team; Platter Purveyors.

1948-49: Studio Club; El Circulo Panamericano; Boys Glee Club; Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Junior Varsity Baseball Team.

1947-48: Junior Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Junior Varsity Baseball Team.

Dear Lynn,
When you reach your senior year at K.-F. you'll realize how wonderful Keen-Fore really is. Luck in future years.
Love,
Vassie

VASILIA MARY CONTOMANOLIS

"Vassie"

"Hymns shall arise to her who sends
Fresh laughter and delight."

1950-51: Vice-President Student Council; Vice-President G. A. A.; Debating Team; President Tri-Lingual Club; Girls Glee Club; Captain Varsity Hockey Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Manager Red Team; Projector Club.

1949-50: Student Council; Vice President Junior Class; Le Salon Français; Treasurer Girls Glee Club; Varsity Hockey Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Lacrosse Team; Cheer Leader Red Team; Student Activities Committee; Projector Club.

1948-49: *Blotter* Board; Secretary Sophomore Class; Studio Club; Girls Glee Club; Junior Varsity Hockey Team; Varsity Lacrosse Team.

1947-48: Girls Glee Club.

1946-47: G. A. A. Representative; Girls Glee Club.

To Lynn - a very sweet and lovely young lady. Have as much fun at New-Port as I have had and always stay as sweet as you are.

Love,
Diana

DIANA ELDA D'ARIENZO

"An equal mixture of good humor and sensible soft melancholy."

1950-51: Tri-Lingual Club; Girls Glee Club; Dramatics Club.

1949-50: Le Salon Français; Secretary Classical Club; Girls Glee Club.

SUZANNE ENID ELLEN

"Sue"

"Great works are performed not by strength but by perseverance."

1950-51: Girls Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Tri-Lingual Club.

1949-50: G. A. A. Representative; El Circulo Panamericano; Girls Glee Club; Junior Varsity Basketball Team.

Dear Lynn
Best of luck and all the
success in
the world

Daniel Carver Fales

"Danny"

"Sport that wrinkled Care derides
And Laughter holding both his sides."

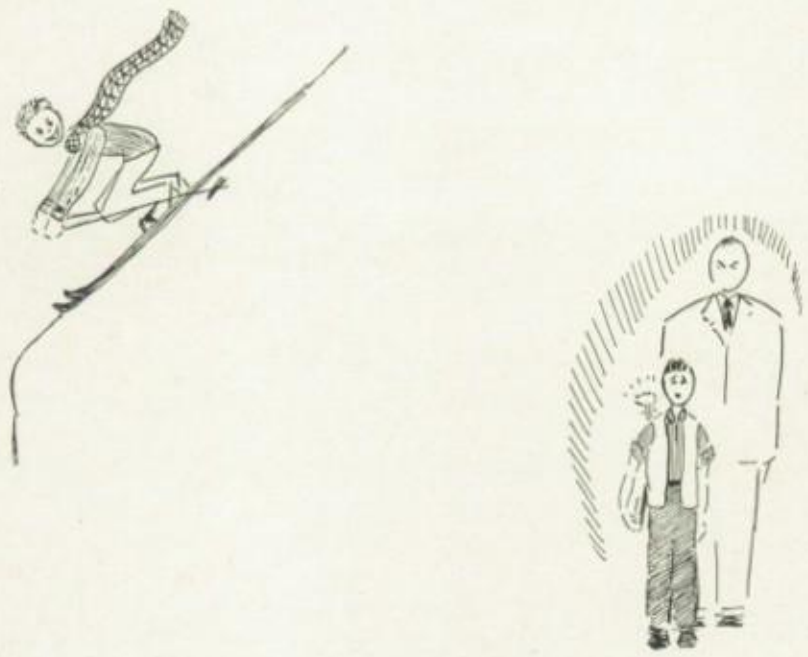
1950-51: Student Council; Treasurer Senior Class; Treasurer B. A. A.; President Boys Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Varsity Soccer Team; All-New York Soccer Team; Long Island Press All-Scholastic Soccer Team; Platter Purveyors; Student Activities Committee; Captain Traffic Squad.

1949-50: Boys Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Varsity Soccer Team; All-New York Soccer Team; Platter Purveyors; Chairman Student Activities Committee.

1948-49: *Blotter* Board; Studio Club; Boys Glee Club; Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Baseball Team; Platter Purveyors.

1947-48: Junior Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Baseball Team.

1946-47: Junior Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Baseball Team.



John Farrell

"This could but have happened once."

1950-51: Secretary B. A. A.; Studio Club; Varsity Soccer Team; Varsity Baseball Team.

1949-50: Varsity Soccer Team; Varsity Baseball Team.

1948-49: Junior Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Junior Varsity Baseball Team.

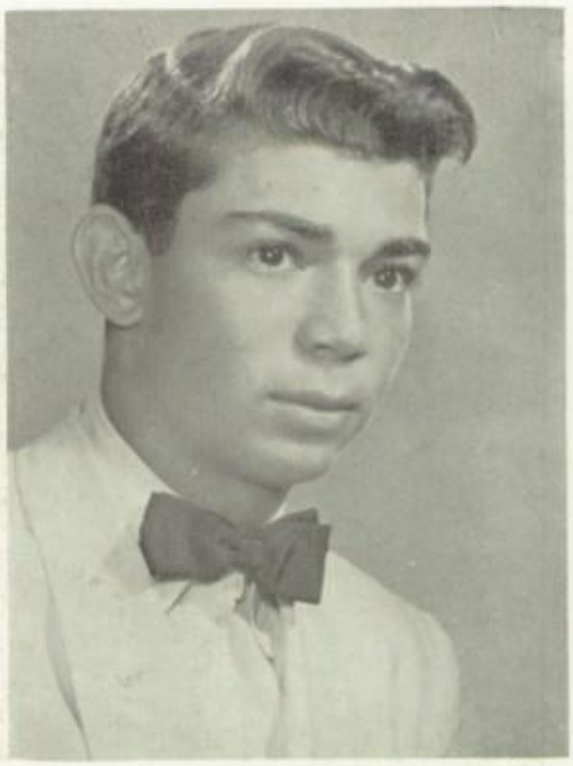
1947-48: Junior Varsity Baseball Team.

MARIE-LISE GAZARIAN

"Tranquility! thou better name
Than all the family of fame."

1950-51: *Blotter* Board; Secretary Tri-Lingual Club; Girls Glee Club.

1949-50: *Blotter* Board; Treasurer Sophomore Class; Le Salon Français; El Circulo Panamericano; Classical Club; Girls Glee Club.



ROBERT CHARLES LANDES

"Bob"

"True ease in writing comes from art, not chance."

1950-51: Treasurer Student Council; Vice-President B. A. A.; Boys Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Varsity Soccer Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team; All-New York Soccer Team; Long Island Press All-Scholastic Soccer Team; Soccer Coaches of New York City Soccer Team; Platter Purveyors; Traffic Squad.

1949-50: Debating Team; Boys Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Varsity Soccer Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team; Platter Purveyors.

1948-49: Studio Club; El Circulo Panamericano; Boys Glee Club; Varsity Soccer Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team.

1947-48: Boys Glee Club; Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Junior Varsity Baseball Team.

1946-47: Student Council; President Prep. Class; Boys Glee Club; Junior Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Junior Varsity Baseball Team.

Dear Lynn,
Have lots and lots of fun in your remaining years at K.F.
Loads of luck,
Lois

Lois Ann Lehrman

"Earnestness is enthusiasm tempered by reason."

1950-51: Student Council; *Blotter* Co-Editor-in-Chief; Secretary Senior Class; Captain Debating Team; Vice-President Tri-Lingual Club; Camera Club.

1949-50: *Blotter* Board; Philanthropy Committee; Debating Team; Le Salon Français; Girls Glee Club.

1948-49: *Blotter* Board; Le Salon Français; Girls Glee Club.

1947-48: *Blotter* Board; Secretary Freshman Class; Girls Glee Club.

1946-47: *Blotter* Board; Girls Glee Club.

Harry Max Lieberman

"The power of Thought—the magic of the Mind!"

1950-51: President Student Council; *Blotter* Co-Editor-in-Chief; Co-Chairman Philanthropy Committee; Manager Debating Team; Boys Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Platter Purveyors; Student Activities Committee; Traffic Squad.

1949-50: Vice-President Student Council; *Blotter* Board; Treasurer Junior Class; Philanthropy Committee; Debating Team; El Circulo Panamericano; Boys Glee Club; President Dramatics Club; Manager Varsity Soccer Team; Manager Varsity Basketball Team; Manager Varsity Baseball Team; Platter Purveyors; Student Activities Committee.

1948-49: Boys Glee Club.

Carole Ann Magdol

"As dreams are the fancies of those that sleep, so fancies are but the dreams of those awake."

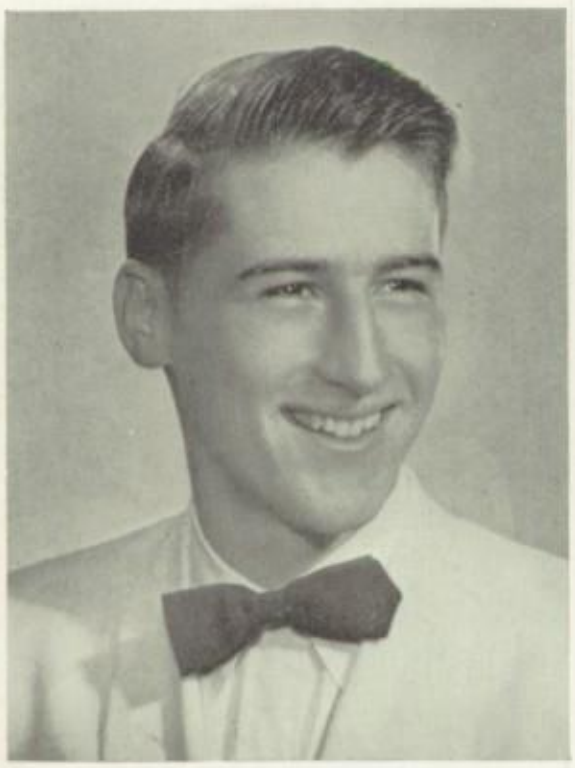
1950-51: Student Council; Co-Chairman Philanthropy Committee; Girls Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Platter Purveyors; Baby Sitters.

1949-50: El Circulo Panamericano; Girls Glee Club; Junior Varsity Basketball Team.

1948-49: El Circulo Panamericano; Girls Glee Club.

1947-48: Girls Glee Club.

1946-47: Girls Glee Club.



Patrick Donald Manning

"Don"

"The well of true wit is truth itself."

1950-51: Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team; All-New York City Soccer Team; Long Island Press All-Scholastic Soccer Team.

1949-50: Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team.

1948-49: Junior Varsity Softball Team; Junior Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team.

1947-48: Philanthropy Committee; Junior Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Junior Varsity Baseball Team.

1946-47: Junior Varsity Soccer Team.

ANTHONY MICHAEL MIRANDA

"Tony," "Andy"

"Happy am I, from care I'm free."

1949-50: Varsity Basketball Team.

ROBERT JOSEPH PASCAL

"Bob"

"Life is but a jest."

1950-51: Student Council; President B. A. A.; Varsity Soccer Team; Captain Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team; Platter Purveyors.

1949-50: Secretary B. A. A.; Varsity Soccer Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Baseball Team; Platter Purveyors.

Dear Lynn,
You're as pretty as your name.
Have lots of fun at Kew-Forest.
Love Frances.

FRANCES MARGARET SPARACIO

"Simplicity of wisdom, noble speech,
Accomplished loveliness."

1950-51: Student Council; Vice-President Senior Class; Co-Captain Debating Team; Tri-Lingual Club; Steering Committee Girls Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Varsity Hockey Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Platter Purveyors; Student Activities Committee; Vice-President Projector Club.

1949-50: Student Council; Secretary Junior Class; Co-Manager Debating Team; El Circulo Panamericano; Vice-President Girls Glee Club; Junior Varsity Hockey Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Softball Team; Platter Purveyors; Projector Club.

1948-49: El Circulo Panamericano; Girls Glee Club; Junior Varsity Hockey Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Platter Purveyors.

1947-48: Girls Glee Club; Junior Varsity Hockey Team.

Dear Lynn,
You are a very sweet girl and I hope you have lots of fun in school.
Love,
Peg.

MARGARET IRENE STREIFLER

"Wisdom of many and the wit of one."

1950-51: Student Council; *Blotter* Board; President G. A. A.; Debating Team; Tri-Lingual Club; Varsity Hockey Team; Captain Varsity Basketball Team; Platter Purveyors; Camera Club.

1949-50: Secretary Student Council; *Blotter* Board; Secretary Le Salon Français; Varsity Hockey Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Lacrosse Team; Honorary Member Long Island Field Hockey Association; Captain Blue Team.

1948-49: Student Council; President Sophomore Class; Philanthropy Committee; Le Salon Français; Varsity Hockey Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Captain Varsity Lacrosse Team; Honorary Member Long Island Field Hockey Association; Cheerleader Blue Team.

1947-48: Student Council; Vice-President Freshman Class; Girls Glee Club; Varsity Hockey Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Lacrosse Team; Honorary Member Long Island Field Hockey Association.

1946-47: Girls Glee Club; Junior Varsity Hockey Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Softball Team.

Lynn,
Good luck and best wishes.
"Mike".

MORRIS PAUL TENNER

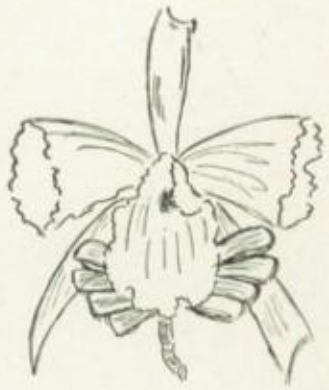
"Mike"

"And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends."

1950-51: *Blotter* Board; Debating Team; Boys Glee Club; Dramatics Club; Tri-Lingual Club; Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team.

1949-50: Debating Team; El Circulo Panamericano; Dramatics Club; Junior Varsity Softball Team; Junior Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team.

1948-49: Junior Varsity Softball Team; Junior Varsity Soccer Team; Junior Varsity Basketball Team.



SANDRA LEE WEBER

"Sandy"

"It's chance that makes brothers,
Hearts that make friends."

1950-51: Girls Glee Club.

1949-50: El Circulo Panamericano; Girls Glee Club; Junior Varsity Hockey Team; Varsity Basketball Team; Varsity Softball Team.

1948-49: El Circulo Panamericano; Girls Glee Club.

Then and Now

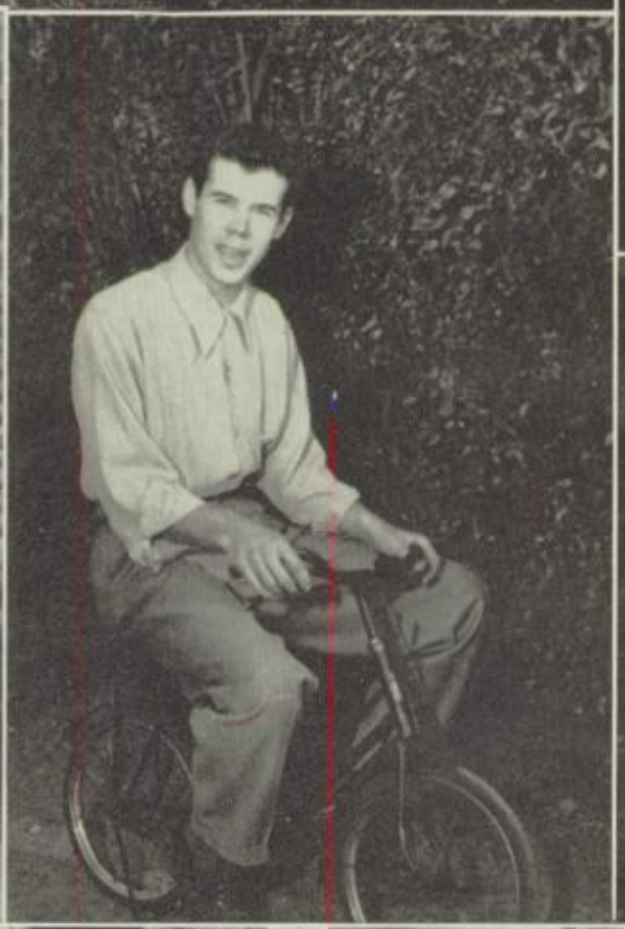
Top—Richard Bush, Nancy Cantor. *Center*—Harry Lieberman. *Bottom*—Carole Magdol, Peggy Streifler.

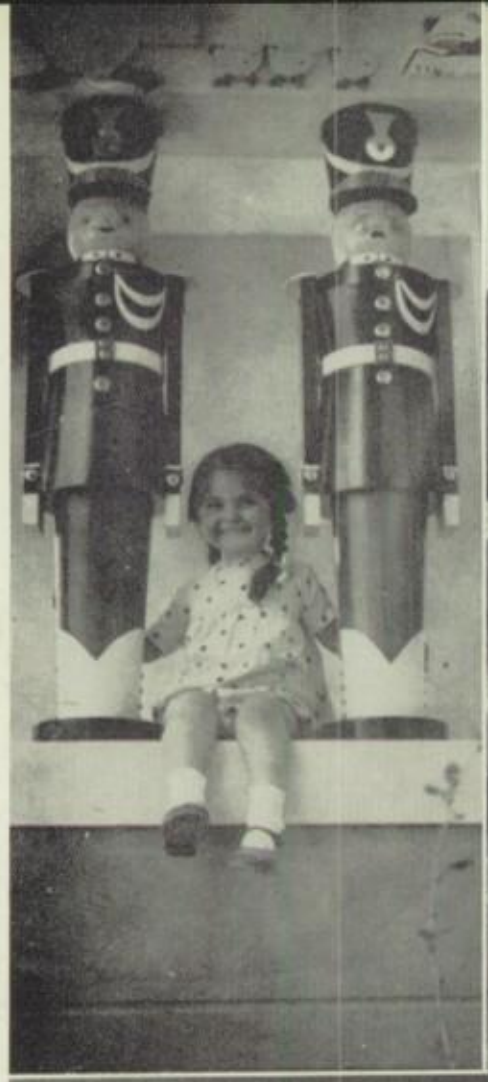
Then and Now

Top—Charles Castro. *Center*—Donald Manning, Diana d'Arienzo. *Bottom*—Geraldine Beenstock, Frances Sparacio.

Then and Now

Top—Daniel Fales. *Center*—Robert Pascal, Sandra Weber. *Bottom*—Lois Lehrman, Morris Tenner.





Then and Now

Top—Marie-Lise Gazarian, Robert Landes. *Bottom*—Vasilia Contomanolis, Suzanne Ellen.

CLASSES

A mound becomes a mountain,

A seed, a sturdy tree.

The growth of happy pupils

Is a wondrous sight to see.

First row—Joan Schimenti, Gail Gifford, Katherine Kindred, Jane Newhouse, Suzanne Gross, Jenny Hofman. *Second row*—Lois Moss, Joy Siegel, Wynne Ruden, Marion Bolte, Nancy Allan, Mary Alice Wasson, Sally Morse. *Third row*—Norman Hubbard, Donald Lutz, Alfred Toigo, Peter Kray, Doris Kaiser, Edward Coffey, Edward Seibert, William Hagan, Stanley Israel. *Not present*—William Barnes, Georgine Smith, Sondra Ziet.

Junior Class

HIGH SCHOOL THREE is like a great machine. If a problem presents itself, the wheels begin to turn and true genius responds. This machine can turn out a poet, a physicist, an athlete, or an expert on History B.

As may be seen, our singular contributions have been small, but as a group, all turning together, we have upheld the scholastic and athletic honors of the school. We are proud of our efficiency, and of Don Lutz, who has inspired Norman Hubbard to his highest achievements.

We contain many big wheels and little cogs in our well oiled machine. Gail Gifford, Kay Kindred and Mary Alice Wasson are running in the field, and Lois Moss and Joy Siegel are in the running for class honors. The boy wheels are turning well in both fields with Stan Israel, Ed. Siebert, Al Toigo and Ed. Coffey on varsity teams.

It is our hope that this machine will "grow keener with constant use."

EDWARD COFFEY, '52

Seated — William Hagan (Treasurer), Lois Moss (Vice-President), Alfred Toigo (President). *Kneeling* — Doris Kaiser (Secretary).

Seated—Consuelo Iskyan, Faith Evans, Vera Salamon, Marlene Meyerson, Joan Gill, Stella Simon. *Kneeling*—Kathleen Ohl, Charles Barton, Monica Ballard, Elaine Humbert, Marie Castro, Dorothy DeAngelis, Phyllis Shapiro, Diana Brookfield, Barbara Sealand, Barbara Taylor, Hope Ringers. *Standing*—David Gibson, Warren Kingman, Louis Moskowitz, Martin Lieberman, John French, David Cantor, William Ashton, James Clark, Calvin Pohlman, Kenneth Bolte, John Warner, Frank Hinchie, John Enright, Gilbert Colombo, Henry Assael, Stephen Rosenthal, Harold Pascal. *Not present*—Mary Coraci, Anita Fiddelman, Janice Wolford.

Sophomore Class

Left to right—Barbara Taylor (Secretary), Martin Lieberman (Vice-President). John French (Treasurer). *Not present*—Janice Wolford (President).

STOP! Don't just glance over our class picture without giving it a second thought, for although we seem to be just a group of students crowded together for the click of a camera—it is very easy to be fooled by a picture, especially when everyone is dressed so similarly. We do not consider ourselves run-of-the-mill, but see one another each as an individual who is to be praised when it comes to his merits and understood when it comes to his faults.

We range from six feet four to five feet two, and there is just as much variety in our personality as there is in our height. Not only do we enjoy working together but also we enjoy just being together—even if the instance happens to be a hectic rehearsal for a class program.

One last hopeful thought—there is nothing wrong with our class that a little time won't cure.

JANICE WOLFORD, '53

First row—Joan Conlan, Suzanne Stern, Sandra Sonnenschein, Ann Weingarden, Ann Kindred, Meredith Humbert. *Second row*—Barbara Stokes, Lucy Fitzgerald, John Richardson, Jack Lee, Dikran Simidian, Richard Bright, David Ailion, Mary Anne Trump. *Third row*—Audrey Kahn, Frances Wilson, Margaret Ray, Leola Kurz, Diane Lauer, Mary Jane Manning, Abby Rodell, Audrey Koeppel, Joan Markson. *Fourth row*—Haig Dadourian, Harwood Levin, Gerhard Fedde, Peter Ellen, Peter Breitman, Bruce Gibson. *Not present*—Phyllis Eitingon, Anastasia Tsamisis.

Freshman Class

WE, the Class of '54, are trying much harder this year to improve in our studies, and to emulate the upper classmen that have achieved some measure of success. For the past two years, we have been recognized as one of the classes with the lowest averages. We shall in the future try to break this precedent. Now getting down to brass tacks, let me tell you about our sharp points.

The athletes you can count on one hand, and the students on the other hand. Nowadays, it's difficult to determine whether the lights late at night are from the television sets or the lamps of serious students. On the credit side of the ledger, may I say in all modesty that our class is extremely talented, with a generous sprinkling of musicians, artists and poets.

In summation, you can compare us to a large litter of friendly puppies: happy, eager, and still a little unsure.

PETER ELLEN, '54

Left to right—Frances Wilson (President), Jack Lee (Secretary), Harwood Levin (Vice-President), Ann Weingarden (Treasurer).

Prep's Viewpoint

MEET the High School Preps. We've been a small class for as long as we can remember, and that's why our fourteen members get along so well and stick together.

From the moment we passed through the High School door on September sixteenth, we were in a state of bewilderment. The truth is, we've had only one test all year, a continuous one.

At first we were rather timid and apprehensive in our new surroundings. But we survived and had fun. Two examples of that fun were the Hallowe'en and Christmas dances, where we all had a wonderful time.

But are we really in High School? No. Are we in Lower School? No. We're stuck in between. So, to make up for this, we have twice as much homework and twice as many books. But we're not complaining—much.

Yes, that's us—upper classmen think we are childish and under classmen think we are "too big for our boots."

But the past? The future? Who cares! We're Preps.

MARILYN JAHN, '55
DEBORAH WEISSMAN, '55

Left to right—Diane Bush (Secretary), Philip Masters (Vice-President), Marilyn Jahn (President). *Not present*—Anthony Moran (Treasurer).

First row—Marilyn Jahn, Diane Bush, Janet Samson. *Second row*—Deborah Weissman, Jacqueline Ball, Linda Pollak, Justine Gillman, Walter Dunn. *Third row*—Ellis French, Philip Masters, Otto Schafer, Anthony Moran, Lawrence Gross. *Not present*—George Hippeli.

Left to right—Sandra Brown (Treasurer), Joan Gertz (Secretary), John Hetherington (President), Jessica Allan (Vice-President).

INTERMEDIATE FOUR, that's us, the Senior Class of the Lower School. We're supposed to set an example for the lower grades. But do we? Not very often, I'm afraid. However, I do think we are a very distinctive class—sometimes distinctly good and sometimes distinctly bad. That's because we have so much imagination. We love everything that's mysterious, weird and unusual. We're very creative but I'm sorry to say that we don't always put it to good use. Therefore, we become a terrible problem to our teachers sometimes. But thank goodness, they have a sense of humor and a lot of patience. Our class has a wonderful sense of humor, too; so I feel very optimistic about our future. We'll come out on top.

ROBERT HEARN DIXON, '56

Intermediate Four

First row—Jessica Allan, Susan Sparer, Stephanie Smirnow, Dolores Janes, Sandra Brown. *Second row*—Ian Buchanan, Kenneth Lutz, Carol Egry, Joan Gertz, Barbara McGinnis, Rhona Karshan, Kenneth Siegel, Kenneth Lippman. *Third row*—John Hetherington, Harold Lardaro, Stanley Odlum, Kenneth Miron, Robert Dixon, Roy Chinman, Lawrence Dahlstrom.

First row—Elyse Sergenian, Marcia Cantor, Judith Hitzig, Harriet Walker, Maha Howrani, Brenda LaGrange. *Second row*—Richard Barlow, Harold Dammann, J. Riley Smirnow, Edgar Kent, Brewster Heller, Jonathan Cole, David Berley. *Not present*—Foster Ballard, Jessica Hartman.

Intermediate Three

Left to right—Marcia Cantor (Treasurer), Edgar Kent (Secretary), Foster Ballard (President), Harold Dammann (Vice-President).

WE are the Intermediate Threes. Next year we will be the oldest in the Lower School. We consist of seven girls and eight boys which is quite a small class.

We have two new teachers. One is Miss Harper, our arithmetic and science teacher. She has amused us with many things such as the Science Club and in arithmetic with a game in multiplying and dividing called "In Out."

Our new music teacher, Mr. Cronemiller, has started some of us on a musical instrument called the recorder which we have Tuesdays and Thursdays.

But don't think we didn't have parties. We were going to have a Tea Dance Christmas. But the boys didn't quite like the idea, so we had a simple party which was lots of fun.

BRENDA LA GRANGE, '57

First row—Monica Moran, Frances Royster, Joan Perera, Miriam Sergenian, Jeanmarie Manfredonia. *Second row*—John Levin, Stephen Blum, Julianne McCaffrey, Carol Baur, Barbara White, Peter Cassino, Frederick Mesler. *Third row*—Thomas Curtis, Joseph Levin, Laurence Cole, Norman Ramol. *Not present*—Andrew Blum, Todd Dickel.

Intermediate Two

IN our class we have seven girls and nine boys. Miss Harper, one of our new teachers, teaches us arithmetic and science and we enjoy both subjects very much.

Arithmetic seems to come along more easily this year because we are trying harder at it. Science really is very enjoyable and we learn a great deal from the experiments Miss Harper helps us with.

We are glad Mrs. Barlow is still teaching us spelling, English, and reading. I think reading is the most popular subject in our class.

The girls play a good deal of hockey outside and are getting better in it this year. Dodge ball is a favorite game of our class.

Although we have little scraps once in awhile, we always end up being friends.

MIRIAM SERGENIAN, '58

Left to right—Monica Moran (Secretary), John Levin (Vice-President), Peter Cassino (President).

Intermediate One

THIS year we started studying science and geography. It is so exciting to learn about nature and the world. Hockey and lacrosse are also new and we have so much fun in gym and our other subjects.

In English it is very interesting to write book reports and memorize poems. Miss Sottosanti is our new spelling teacher and we have so much fun on Fridays playing spelling games.

Mr. Cronemiller is teaching us how to play an instrument which is like a clarinet and is called a recorder.

Though we are only Intermediate Ones, we have established quite a reputation. We specialize in detentions and homework but we do have fun and get along very well together. We enjoy our parties and games very much and it is wonderful to be an Intermediate One in Kew-Forest.

IONE KOURIDES, '59

Left to right—David Dammann (President), Eugenia Wild (Treasurer), Stephen Masters, Barbara Smith (Secretary). *Not present*—Lois Snyder (Vice-President).

First row—Joseph King, James Pickman, Berta Walker, Eugenia Wild, Louise Walker, Stephen Bush. *Second row*—William Follows, Joyce Carbine, Lynn Odlum, Barbara Smith, Jane Sullivan, Ione Kourides, Marc Himoff, Allan Gray. *Third row*—Stephen Masters, Gilbert Williams, David Dammann, Steven Kammerer, William Baxt, Richard Russo, Bernard Hoddersen, Thomas Dadourian, John Shapkin. *Not present*—Harold Lippman, Lois Snyder.

Seated—Joseph Weiss, Gail Hazelwood. *Standing*—Sabina Cronin, Michael Sudakoff, Dee Stone.

SCHOOL days are so much fun. Every day we read, spell, and work out problems. Every other day we draw and paint. This year we have some tropical fish in our room.

We are very good friends with our teachers. Miss Sottosanti supplied us with our fish bowl. Mr. Cronemiller, our music teacher, is as tall as Abraham Lincoln.

This year our class with Primary Two tied the Intermediates in the March of Dimes drive.

On most holidays our class has a party and we eat lots of ice cream, cakes, and cookies.

Three cheers for Kew-Forest!

Primary Three

First row—Susan Schneider, Joan Gordon, Sabina Cronin, Gail Hazelwood, Martha Dreyer. *Second row*—Amy King, Gwen Pallante, Marian Dobbs, Linda Curtis, Andrée vonKoch, Elizabeth Trump, Pamela Pepper, Caroline Ross, Brooke Martin. *Third row*—Andrew White, Joseph Weiss, Stephen Miron, Wayne Hansen, Dee Stone, Ronald Baur, Michael Gillman. *Not present*—Jacqueline Dickel, Warren Ruden, Michael Sudakoff.

First row—Lynn Neinken, Pamela Masters, Donna de la Ossa, Melva Andrews, Iris Warshaw. *Second row*—Rabee Howrani, William Weiss, Janet Karshan, Joan White, Betty Jane Berkley, Julianna Cassino, Jane Berley, Evelyn Geddes. *Third row*—Nicholas Kass, Joseph Altschuler, Peter Dadourian, John Reiger, Frank Janes, John Aslanian, Carlton Braemer. *Not present*—Jeffrey Miles, Patricia Wellington.

Primary Two

Seated — Jeffrey Miles, Joan White, Melva Andrews. *Standing*—Donna de-laOssa, Nicholas Kass.

SOMETIMES we work, sometimes we play. We love to paint, to read, to sing, to play games. We do good work and neat work. In our room we have some fish. We love to feed and to look at the fish.

We love birthdays. On birthdays we have cake, cookies, and candy in our classroom. We have good times.

An interesting corner in our room is the science shelf where we keep pretty shells, pieces of coral, rocks and minerals.

Not so long ago our class with Primary III tied the Intermediates in the March of Dimes drive.

We love school and we love holidays except when it rains.

First row—Ann Eisenberg, Jacqueline Senehi, Lynne Zimmermann, Patricia Pickman, Lila Wolff, Pamela Colton. *Second row*—Arlene DeCoveny, Monica Dennis, Ann Scopp, Nancy Dobbs, Susan VanRanst, Wallis McGovern. *Third row*—Raymond Langton, Robert Freed, George Choderker, Lee Beyer, Doren Voeth, Peter Badanes, Britten Miller, Jeffrey Altes, Mrs. Thomas. *Not present*—Rodney Folia.

Primary One

WE all agree, in Primary One, that being grown-up is just as much fun as we thought it would be. It is nice to be able to write letters to each other and have our own mail box. And being able to read and write makes producing our own plays easier. Our trip to the Bronx Zoo helped in writing our Christmas play, too, because there were several animal parts in it. In fact, our trip to the zoo made lots of things more fun, for now when we sing *Jumbo Elephant* we can remember how it feels to feed one, and when we draw seals, we can remember how black and shiny they are.

But the best thing of all about being grown-up is being able to read, and we never get tired of it. Some of us have already finished four books and all of us read at least twice each day.

Left to right—Ann Eisenberg, Peter Badanes, Patricia Pickman, Pamela Colton, George Choderker.

A Turtle

I have a little turtle which is very frisky you see.
He likes to play hide-and-seek under the bridge from me.

NICHOLAS KOURIDES, Age 5

A Scared Bunny

As the little bunny ran down the bunny trail, hippity-hoppity, he met another little bunny. "Run away, run away," he said. Because that was a big wild bunny.

MORGAN PALMER, Age 5

The Magic Boot

One day there was a little boy who saw a bunny come jumping out of his boot. The boy caught him and said, "Don't be afraid, little bunny, we'll take care of you as well as we can. Then maybe when you grow up you'll have baby bunnies."

LYNN BEYER, Age 5

The Naughty Bunny

This bunny is very funny. He likes sunny days and so doesn't want to go home. But he should mind his mother.

PAULA WHITE, Age 4

The Big Question

"Can you marry your father, Phyllis?"

BETSY VAN RANST, Age 5

Left to right—Victoria Ellman, Nicholas Kourides, Paula White.

Sayings from Morning Kindergarten

First row—Morgan Palmer, Phyllis Sullivan, Elizabeth VanRanst, Anthony Caine, Joseph Sukaskas.
Second row—Eleanor Royster, Nicholas Kourides, Donald Kass, Lynn Beyer, James Crabtree.
Not present—Stuart Eisenberg, Victoria Ellman, Paula White.

Left to right—Leslie Grant, John Burton, Charles Newman, Paul Brooke, Russell Jacobs.

Sayings from Afternoon Kindergarten

Playing the game Swimming Pool:
"We're going to swim in partner-ship."

LESLIE GRANT, Age 5

"Get out. I'm the boss of the pool. All out. The ladies kindly go in first. Hey, Charles! You get out. The ladies go in first . . . oooh—a whale!"

JOHN BURTON, Age 5

"God is going to make me a queen when I grow up 'cause he tells me every night when I'm in bed."

DOROTHY BAYERN, Age 5

"Thank you for taking me in this school. How are you today? I hope you are very well, Mrs. Smart. Watch your diet, so you'll live a long, long, long time."

JOHN M. VOGEL, Age 5

"The dentist put silver puddings in my tooth."

DOROTHY BAYERN, Age 5

"It looks like pudding you put on a window—'cause we had a broken one once."

CHARLES NEWMAN, Age 5

"My father bought my mother some bracelets and then when we went in the car I said, 'Diamonds are a girl's best friend.' "

LESLIE GRANT, Age 5

Left to right—Jane Fallek, Leslie Grant, Charles Newman, Joan Muroff, Mrs. Keely, Lynn Beyer, John Burton, Dorothy Bayern, John Vogel. *Not present*—Paul Brooke.

ACTIVITIES

Light of toe and bright of eye,

Dancing nymphs and elves

Enjoying their activities

Represent ourselves.

First row—Joan Markson, Marie-Lise Gazarian, Morris Tenner, Ann Weingarden. *Second row*—Peggy Streifler, Sondra Ziet, Lois Moss, Barbara Taylor, Jack Lee, Frances Wilson. *Third row*—Deborah Weissman, Jane Newhouse, Frances Sparacio, Georgine Smith, Janice Wolford, Vasilia Contomanolis.

Editors-in-Chief Harry Lieberman and Lois Lehrman.

Business Managers Geraldine Beenstock and Joan Schimenti.

1951 Blotter Board

Co-Editors-in-Chief
Lois Lehrman, '51
Harry Lieberman, '51

Assistant Editors
Morris Tenner, '51
Doris Kaiser, '52
Lois Moss, '52

Literary and News
Marie-Lise Gazarian, '51
Frances Sparacio, '51
Sandra Ziet, '52
Barbara Taylor, '53
Janice Wolford, '53
Ann Weingarden, '54
Frances Wilson, '54
Deborah Weissman, '55

Art
Joan Markson, '54
Janice Wolford, '53

Co-Business Managers
Geraldine Beenstock, '51
Joan Schimenti, '52

Advertising Manager
Peggy Streifler, '51

Business Board
Ann Weingarden, '54
Jane Newhouse, '52
Vasilia Contomanolis, '51
Lois Moss, '52

Athletics
Georgine Smith, '52
Jack Lee, '54

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Mrs. Hazel B. Robison, *Chairman*
Mrs. Lucy Allen Smart, *Honorary Chairman*
Miss Enid T. Doyle, *Art*
Mrs. Grace Zimmermann, *Business*
Miss Doris Sonner, *Photography*
Mrs. Mary Margaret Barlow, *Lower School Literature*

Left to right—Vasilia Contomanolis (Vice-President), Harry Lieberman (President), Robert Landes (Treasurer), Kay Kindred (Secretary).

The Student Council

THE ideal of the Student Council is to leave Kew-Forest School better than it has ever been.

The 1950-51 officers are: President, Harry Lieberman; Vice-President, Vasilia Contomanolis; Secretary, Kay Kindred; Treasurer, Robert Landes. After several brief meetings, at school, it was found the members were too pressed for time for adequate discussion. They decided to meet on holidays away from the pressure of school classes. The first such meeting was at the home of Kay Kindred. Deeply satisfied by the accomplishment of this meeting, Dean Lucy Allen Smart, Adviser, invited the members to hold the February 22 meeting at her home. Other satisfactory meetings have been held since that date.

With enough time for deliberation, the Council has taken its rightful place as the most important school organization. The working committees are Executive, Judicial, Philanthropy, Inspection and Traffic. The Council has tried to put into effect an Honor system, which with sincere cooperation of pupils should provide an atmosphere conducive to the best in education.

HARRY LIEBERMAN, '51

Seated — Frances Sparacio, Lois Moss, Gail Gifford, Lois Lehrman, Peggy Streifler. *Standing*— Frances Wilson, Marilyn Jahn, Alfred Toigo, Martin Lieberman, John Brehmer, Nancy Cantor, Janice Wolford.

Emergency Expert—Mrs. Smart Tying Farrell's Bow-tie for the Senior Prom.

The Student Activities Committee

GIVEN a fine start last year, the Student Activities Committee has promoted and encouraged all student participation in the various school social events.

The first big event arranged by the committee was at Hallowe'en, when a dance was given at the school. Nearly everyone turned out to duck for apples and join in the merrymaking.

The Christmas dance was an even bigger success. The Community House was engaged and a band hired for the occasion. Over half the school invited dates and bought tickets to dance and listen to Bill Reed and his Dixieland Hepcats.

The committee is now humming with plans for the spring season. So far they include a frankfurter roast and a field day for late April or early May—and maybe even a beach party, weather permitting.

JOHN BREHMER, '51

Seated—Wynne Ruden, Monica Ballard, Janice Wolford, Frances Sparacio, John Brehmer (Chairman), Gail Gifford, Georgine Smith. *Standing*—Ann Kindred, Joan Gill, Daniel Fales, Harry Lieberman, Alfred Toigo, Anthony Moran, Haig Dadourian, Marilyn Jahn.

First row—Harwood Levin, Janet Samson. *Second row*—John French, William Ashton, John Warner, John Enright, Dikran Simidian. *Third row*—Connie Iskyan, Monica Ballard, Diana Brookfield, Kathleen Ohl, Ellis French, Otto Schafer, John Farrell, Frank Hinchie, Gerhard Fedde, Haig Dadourian.

The Studio Club

THE Studio Club is made up of members of all High School art classes and was formed twenty-one years ago for the purpose of supplying all school functions with necessary art work. A visit from the Student Activities Committee announcing a forthcoming dance inevitably starts a hum of enthusiastic response in the art room, for art students take care of all the posters and publicity for that group. The boys in the group are always producing seasonal projects, one of the cleverest of which was their Christmas scene.

Of all their activities this year, the most unusual one was the art exhibition that the club put on for Kew-Forest School Association. Everybody agrees, however, that the most interesting project dealt with was the *Blotter,* the drawings ranging from the very largest to the very smallest illustrations.

Miss Doyle has the happy faculty of creating an informal atmosphere of good fellowship and cooperation which greatly adds to the enjoyment of the work in her department.

JANICE WOLFORD, '53

Projector Club

Seated—James Clark, Martin Lieberman, Jane Newhouse, Georgine Smith. *Standing*—Haig Dadourian, Gilbert Colombo, John Brehmer, Vasilia Contomanolis, Frances Sparacio, Calvin Pohlman, Dikran Simidian, Gail Gifford, Mary Alice Wasson, Suzanne Gross.

THREE years ago, under the supervision of Mrs. Rex Smith, director of visual education, the projector club was organized in order to encourage students interested in photography and to meet the demand for operators to run the sixteen-millimeter projector for the school.

In September, 1950, the first meeting was held for the current year. The officers elected were Calvin Pohlman, president; Frances Sparacio, vice-president; and Martin Lieberman, secretary. It was decided that refresher courses would be given the older members and that these veterans would in turn instruct the trainees in the operation and care of the machine.

Films to be shown are posted each month and qualified members are assigned to each film so that the burden of showing them does not fall upon the same members.

Thus far the projector club has achieved at least one of its purposes since it has provided the requisite number of technicians to assist in the program of visual education.

FRANCES SPARACIO, '51

The Tri-Lingual Club

THIS year the French, Latin and Spanish organizations have all been consolidated into the Tri-Lingual Club under the helpful direction of Mrs. Grace Zimmermann.

Because of the busy school schedule the Club has been holding its meetings on Friday evenings at the homes of some of the members. Now, with unlimited time, it has been possible to have much longer, and more enlightening discussions. The Club held one of its most enjoyable meetings during Christmas vacation when its members discussed the individual holiday customs of various nations including France, Rome, Spain, Greece, Israel, Italy and Denmark.

For the weeks to come the Club has many interesting activities planned. Its members hope to have dinner at foreign restaurants, see foreign movies, and continue their evening programs.

The primary advantage of the merging of the organizations is that a member now has the opportunity to learn about all three countries instead of just one.

Left to right—Vasilia Contomanolis (President), Lois Lehrman (Vice-President), Marie-Lize Gazarian (Secretary).

In order to qualify for membership in the Club, one must have taken two years of any of the three languages.

The language clubs have always been very popular with the students and all the members of the Tri-Lingual Club are sure that this new enterprise will remain a permanent part of Kew-Forest School's student activity.

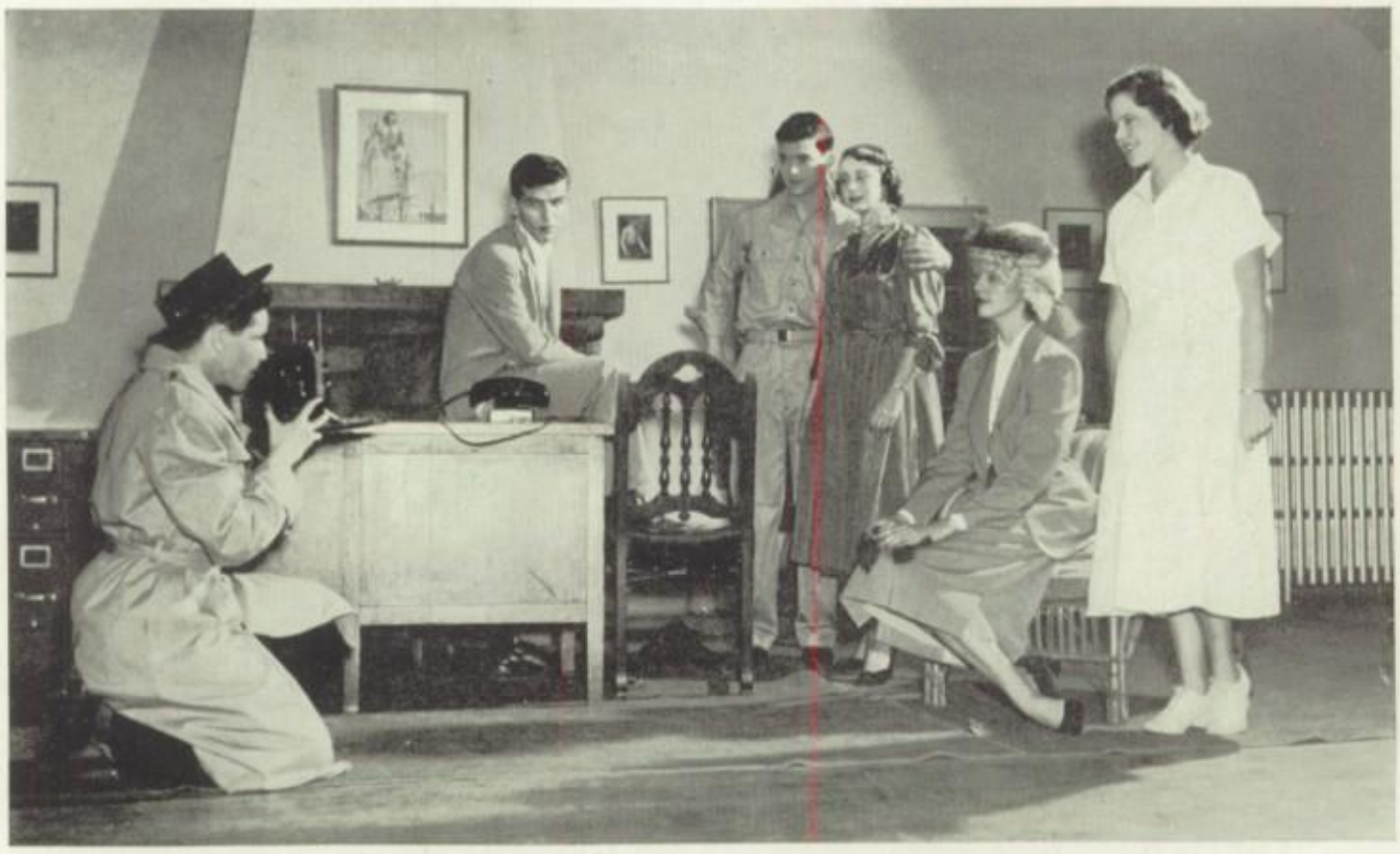
VASILIA CONTOMANOLIS, '51

FRENCH AND SPANISH

First row—Ann Weingarden, Geraldine Beenstock, Lois Lehrman, Diana d'Arienzo. *Second row*—Kay Kindred, Peggy Streifler, Vasilia Contomanolis, Suzanne Gross, Jane Newhouse, Marie-Lise Gazarian. *Third row*—Marian Bolte, Sondra Ziet, Joy Siegel, Stephen Rosenthal, Morris Tenner, Frances Sparacio, Monica Ballard. *Fourth row*—Lois Moss, Sally Morse, Georgine Smith, Nancy Allan, Jenny Hofman, Nancy Cantor, Mary Alice Wasson, Suzanne Ellen.

LATIN

First row—Marian Bolte, Joy Siegel, Marie-Lise Gazarian, Faith Evans. *Second row*—Joan Schimenti, Phyllis Eitingon, Joan Markson, Frances Wilson. *Third row*—Stanley Israel, David Ailion, David Cantor.



DRAMATICS
RASH JUDGMENT—Left to right—David Gibson, Alfred Toigo, Edward Coffey, Gail Gifford, Doris Kaiser, Joy Siegel.

Dramatics Revived

Plays Written and Directed by Member of Faculty Were Professional in Quality

LAST year, Mr. Homer Cleary instituted a new tradition at Kew-Forest School. He organized the Boys Dramatic Society and directed and produced his own play, *The Audience,* as an addition to the regular Red and Blue Stunt Night Program. The performance was greeted with such an ovation and acclaim from all in attendance that Mr. Cleary was prevailed upon to write three more one act plays during the summer months.

The first of these, *Rash Judgment,* was a delightful satire on love. The second, *Home Sweet Homework,* was a burlesque on a typical American family having an algebraic off-spring. The third, *And Sorrows End,* was a moving tragedy, vividly depicting the utter despair that can be wrought by a selfish man's edicts. It was built around Shakespeare's thirtieth sonnet, from which its title was derived.

This group of three plays was presented with a mixed cast on the evening of January 8th, 1951, in the auditorium of the First Presbyterian Church of Forest Hills. The program was presented at a regular meeting of the Kew-Forest School Association. Aided by Robert Aissa, a Kew-Forest alumnus, and by a group of students acting as stage technicians, Mr. Cleary and the cast produced another fine performance.

It is the sincere hope that dramatics will continue as an integral part of the curriculum at Kew-Forest School, and the faculty members and the student body wish to extend their gratitude to Mr. Cleary for his superb guidance and creative work in this department. Bravo, and carry on!

RASH JUDGMENT

Mary Allen	Joy Siegel
Larry	David Gibson
Mrs. Whitfield	Doris Kaiser
Ben Tentalis	Alfred Toigo
Dr. Sutton	Robert Landes
Alice Whitfield	Gail Gifford
Johnny Mark	Edward Coffey

Home, Sweet Homework—Left to right—Frances Sparacio, Nancy Cantor, Daniel Fales, Philip Masters, Suzanne Ellen, Diana d'Arienzo.

HOME, SWEET HOMEWORK

Ellen Marshall ..... Suzanne Ellen
Dolores ..... Frances Sparacio
Billy Marshall ..... Philip Masters
Alfred Marshall ..... John Brehmer
Anne Brown ..... Nancy Cantor
Leslie Brown ..... Charles Castro
Caroline Lou Palmer ..... Gerry Beenstock
Jeb Palmer ..... Danny Fales
Miss Benton ..... Diana d'Arienzo

AND SORROWS END

Birdie ..... Lois Moss
Chaplain ..... Harry Lieberman
Len ..... Mike Tenner
Mrs. Bruno ..... Carole Magdol
Maizie ..... Sally Morse
Miss Rentel ..... Wynne Ruden
Mr. Pounds ..... Louis Moskowitz
Ernie ..... Martin Lieberman
Max ..... Stanley Israel

Staff:

Stage Crew ..... John Farrell, Harold Pascal, John Enright
Electrician ..... Calvin Pohlman
Property Manager ..... Georgine Smith
Assistant Property Managers ..... Kay Kindred, Joan Schimenti, Barbara Taylor
Make-up ..... Bob Aissa, '50

And Sorrows End—Left to right—Wynne Ruden, Louis Moskowitz, Harry Lieberman, Lois Moss, Morris Tenner, Sally Morse, Martin Lieberman, Carole Magdol.

Seated—Mary Alice Wasson, Peggy Streifler, Georgine Smith, Vasilia Contomanolis, Kay Kindred, Lois Lehrman (Captain). *Standing*—Marilyn Jahn, Lois Moss, Dikran Simidian, John Brehmer, Phyllis Eitingon, Frances Sparacio, Morris Tenner, Janice Wolford, Ann Weingarden, Harry Lieberman (Manager), Monica Ballard, Frances Wilson.

Debating

LAST year the Debating Team again distinguished itself in the Kew-Forest field of action. On April 27 all of its members participated in an intramural debate on the subject: "Resolved: That the United States should adopt a form of compulsory medical insurance." They debated in pairs and argued both sides of the question. After much friendly competition, Sheila Shapiro and Lois Moss were unanimously declared the winners.

This year under the guidance of Mrs. Robison and Dr. Dixon, the group hopes to have an even more successful year. Plans have already been made for an interscholastic debate on the controversial subject of the Welfare State. This should prove to be an interesting challenge for all.

The officers of the debating team are Lois Lehrman, Captain; Frances Sparacio, Co-Captain; Harry Lieberman and John Brehmer, Co-Managers. The rest of the eager members are Monica Ballard, Vassie Contomanolis, Phyllis Eitingon, Danny Fales, Marilyn Jahn, Doris Kaiser, Kay Kindred, Lois Moss, Dickran Simidian, Georgine Smith, Peggy Streifler, Morris Tenner, Mary Alice Wasson, Ann Weingarden, Frances Wilson, Janice Wolford, and Sondra Ziet.

LOIS LEHRMAN, '51

First row—Daniel Fales, Lois Lehrman, Doris Kaiser, Frances Sparacio, Dikran Simidian, Morris Tenner. *Second row*—Phyllis Eitingon, Lois Moss, Frances Wilson, Ann Weingarden.

Glee Club

THIS year the music department of Kew-Forest School has united the Boys and Girls Glee Clubs into one mixed choral group. This has worked out very advantageously because the members have been able to sing more interesting and difficult songs together.

Mr. Cronemiller, head of the music department, has given the members the opportunity to develop their voices physically and to sharpen and intensify their natural reception of music. One of the benefits of group singing is the resultant sense of cooperation and team work. This was proven when the Glee Club put on a lovely Christmas program for the entire school. The selections included "When the Snow Lay on the Ground," "Dona Nobis Pachem," a German carol, and "Behold that Star," a beautiful Negro spiritual. Diana Bush and Frances Sparacio sang the solo parts in "Glory to God in the Highest." Mr. Cronemiller wrote "When the Snow Lay on the Ground" several years ago. This carol is a charming version of the Christmas story, ending with the stanza:

"Let us with the shepherds go
To the manger lowly
Bringing gifts, for here we know
Lies the babe so holy.
At his cradle we adore
Christ the king forevermore.
Sing gloria, in excelsis deo."

The program was concluded with the singing of traditional and popular Christmas carols by the entire student body. Everyone agreed that this was one of the most enjoyable Christmas programs ever given at Kew-Forest.

At the present time a spring program is being rehearsed which should prove to be even more popular than the preceding one. "Listen to the Lambs" by Nathaniel Dett, "Psalm 150" by Cesar Franck, and compositions by Wagner and Palestrina will be included.

In the mixed Glee Club the end toward which much of the work is directed is the fostering of music appreciation throughout the entire student body. Both the singers themselves and the rest of the students are brought into closer contact with the finest in music. There is no doubt that this organization will grow to have an even more important role in the cultural life of Kew-Forest School.

FRANCES SPARACIO, '51

First row—Deborah Weissman, Justine Gillman, Jacqueline Ball, Barbara Stokes, Ann Kindred, Meredith Humbert, Gail Gifford, Audrey Kahn. *Second row*—Barbara Taylor, Geraldine Beenstock, Vasilia Contomanolis, Sally Morse, Mary Alice Wasson, Kay Kindred, Jane Newhouse, Suzanne Gross, Marlene Meyerson, Nancy Cantor, Diana d'Arienzo, Suzanne Ellen. *Third row*—Linda Pollak, Elaine Humbert, Lucy Fitzgerald, Frances Wilson, Faith Evans, Dorothy DeAngelis, Diana Brookfield, Nancy Allan, Georgine Smith, Janice Wolford, Monica Ballard, Lois Moss, Wynne Ruden, Marie-Lize Gazarian, Joan Conlan, Mary Jane Manning, Frances Sparacio. *Fourth row*—Marie Castro, Janet Samson, Mary Anne Trump, Diane Lauer, Diane Bush, Marilyn Jahn, Stephen Rosenthal, Martin Lieberman, Harry Lieberman, Robert Landes, Daniel Fales, Alfred Toigo, John Brehmer, William Ashton, Henry Assael, Morris Tenner, Anita Fiddelman, Mr. George Cronemiller.

First row—Harold Dammann, Kenneth Siegel, David Dammann, Stephen Masters, Richard Barlow, Monica Moran. *Second row*—Carol Egry, Lois Snyder, Rhona Ann Karshan, Joan Gertz, Brenda La Grange, Jessica Allan, Barbara McGinnis, Lynn Odlum, Andrée von Koch. *Third row*—Jeanmarie Manfredonia, Jonathan Cole, J. Riley Smirnow, Roy Chinman, Brewster Heller, Louise Walker, Robert Dixon, Harriet Walker, Sandra Brown, Berta Walker, Carol Baur, Joan Perera.

Lower School Activities

RECORDER CLASS

THIS year the recorder (sometimes called "English flute") was introduced to the students of the Lower School. The recorder has in recent years been revived from its decline since the days of Bach and Handel when it was the standard type of flute used by all composers. While it is a real musical instrument, used in present-day concerts by such groups as the Trapp Family Singers, it has become most widely known through its use by schools and amateur societies in England, Germany and the United States. It is an ideal instrument for the teaching of the rudiments of music as the player is required to master notation, ear-training, rhythm, phrasing, interpretation, two and three part work—indeed, all that is required of any ensemble instrumentalist. While real effort is required to learn the recorder, the difficulties are much fewer than those of learning other instruments.

Learning the recorder has been a very pleasant, as well as very educational, activity for all the upper classes of the Lower School.

GIRLS SCIENCE CLUB

THE Girls Science Club is very interesting, and most enjoyable. Its aim is to further the pupils' interest in science.

Each person gets a certain number of points for everything she does or brings in. Everyone strives towards a goal of 150 points.

Stephanie Smirnow, Judy Hitzig, and Harriet Walker have brought in neat and well arranged shell collections. Joan Gertz and Jessica Allan have given very interesting reports on the heavens. Just about all of the other girls have contributed something, also.

The officers of the club are as follows: Elyse Sergenian, president; Maha Howrani, vice-president; Jessica Hartman, secretary; and Miriam Sergenian, treasurer.

The club always looks forward to its meetings every other Thursday and its members are rapidly reaching their goal in points as well as in educational enjoyment.

JOAN GERTZ, '56
STEPHANIE SMIRNOW, '56

BOYS SCIENCE CLUB

THE Science Club is a new organization started by Miss Harper in two branches, one for the girls and one for the boys. It has had some very good reports. Stanley Odlum has given a recent report about the evolution of guns. He brought two real guns and a replica of a Springfield. Springfields were a great help to the American soldiers overseas during World War I. Harold Lardaro gave a report about cancer. This was very interesting and amazing. He told many things about the disease that an ordinary person would not know.

Different groups are doing different things. Some topics studied are animals, photography, guns, aviation, anatomy, and famous scientists. Points are awarded to boys who make reports.

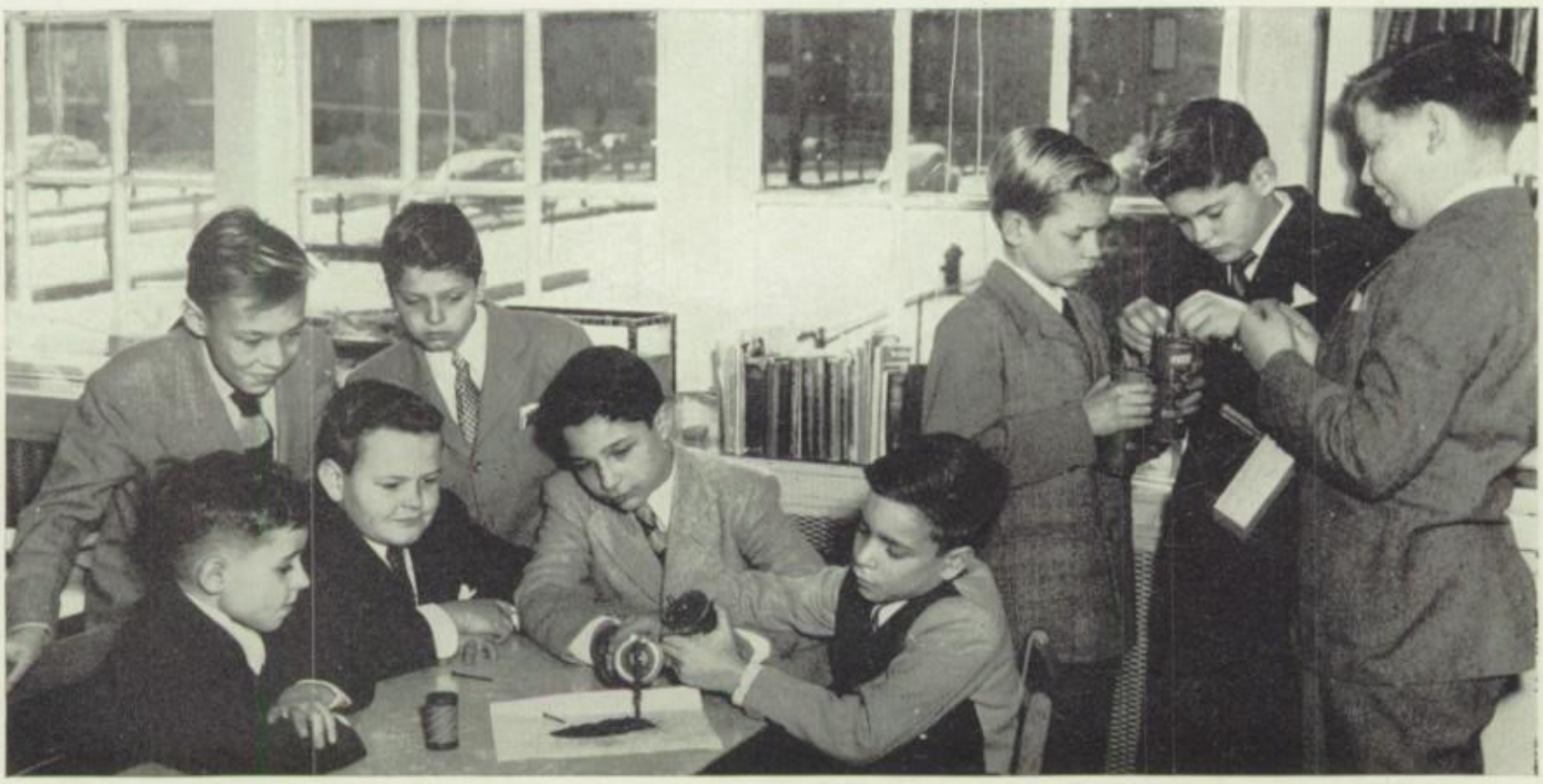
The officers, chosen by the pupils, are Harold Dammann, president; Kenneth Lutz, vice-president; Roy Chinman, secretary; and Fred Mesler, treasurer.

EDGAR KENT, '57

Seated—Miriam Sergenian (Treasurer), Joan Gertz, Maha Howrani (Vice-President), Jessica Allan, Sandra Brown. *Standing*—Barbara White, Rhona Ann Karshan, Marcia Cantor, Stephanie Smirnow, Dolores Janes, Judith Hitzig, Jessica Hartman (Secretary), Elyse Sergenian (President).

THE SCIENCE CLUBS

Seated—Frederick Mesler (Treasurer), John Hetherington, Harold Lardaro, Peter Cassino. *Standing*—Kenneth Lutz (Vice-President), David Berley, Harold Dammann (President), Roy Chinman (Secretary), Stanley Odlum.



Seated—Gilbert Colombo, Joan Schimenti, Peggy Streifler, Lois Lehrman. *Standing*—Stephen Rosenthal, Janet Samson, Alfred Toigo (Chairman), Nancy Allan.

Camera Club

THIS year's camera club consisted of a self-appointed group of student photographers. They appointed themselves by merely taking snap-shots of on and off campus school activities. Out of the whole student body invited to participate in taking snap-shots, they were the most interested people, and the most interested people always do the best job.

These students were extremely enthusiastic. More than once did a student or faculty member disclose a surprised expression on hearing the click of the camera's shutter, knowing too well it was he or she caught in some situation that had moved the snap-shot seeker into action.

At parties, dances and other school functions the telltale sign of the flashbulb has been seen illuminating incidents worth including in the file of immortal snap-shots to be reviewed later for their pleasant memories.

School sports events almost always had the company of these enthusiasts and their cameras.

They didn't take just any snap-shot; they were careful to capture the big and little happenings that disclose the personality of the school as seen through their alert eyes.

ALFRED TOIGO, '52

Camera Enthusiasts—Gilbert Colombo and Alfred Toigo.

National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis and American Red Cross, Aided by Kew-Forest School

THERE is a definite program at Kew-Forest School to train today's youth to be philanthropic, to be aware of the needs of less fortunate people and to want to help the needy. In order to accomplish this during 1950-51 two philanthropy drives have been held: one for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis and the other for the American Red Cross. Not only are the pupils trained to give of their substance but an exceedingly healthy competitive spirit has been aroused between High School and Lower School and among the classes of each group.

The drive for raising a fund for the National Foundation of Infantile Paralysis was again this year in memory of Ann Koch, beloved member of the class of '51, who died on July 23, 1949, from polio. The generous students and teachers of Kew-Forest made this drive very successful. The contribution from the Lower School was $245.41, and from the High School $321.44. The total amount received was $566.85.

Flying beneath the Flag of the United States, an American Red Cross flag made it clear, during March 1951, that the school was cooperating in the annual drive. Posters, banners, and folders were part of the publicity for this drive. To help the competitive spirit, Kew-Forest School had two banners, one for the High School and the other for the Lower School. These banners were put each day in the classroom which had the most money for that day.

The total amount collected was $444.80.

The co-chairmen of the Philanthropy Committee are Carole Magdol and Harry Lieberman. The home-room representatives are: Harry Lieberman and Carole Magdol, Room I; Lois Moss and Alfred Toigo, Room II; David Ailion and Martin Lieberman, Room III; Anita Fiddelman and Barbara Taylor, Room IV; Marilyn Jahn and Frances Wilson, Room V; and Ellis French and Philip Masters, Room VI. The Lower School Teachers and Dean Lucy Allen Smart are the Advisers.

CAROLE MAGDOL, '51

Seated—Frances Wilson, Anita Fiddelman, Carole Magdol (Co-chairman), Harry Lieberman (Co-chairman), Barbara Taylor. *Standing*—Ellis French, Philip Masters, David Ailion, Martin Lieberman, Alfred Toigo, Lois Moss, Marilyn Jahn.

Academic Awards for 1949 - 50

Denise Dewan was awarded the *Highest Individual Scholarship Cup,* presented by the Class of 1932. Anita Fiddelman won the *Carol Ann Hawkes Cup for Scholarship Improvement.*

Four Freedoms Scholarship, $100.00, gift of Mr. Julius Stulman, awarded to Joan Patricia Frances Berman.

The Guy H. Catlin Memorial Awards of Government Bonds, presented by Mrs. Catlin, were won by Margaret Elizabeth Orr, Helen Heuston, Alva Jeannette Goodall.

The Student Contributing the Most to Kew-Forest School, 1949-1950, the *Millar Cup,* awarded to Margaret Ann Batterman.

Long Island Daily Press Medal for the Valedictorian, awarded to Denise Dewan.

Long Island Daily Press Medal for the Varsity Athlete—Best Scholar, awarded to Grace Eleanor Stone.

Best Citizen Award, presented by American Legion, Forest Hills Post, awarded to Frederick David Haberman.

Social Studies Cup, gift of Honorable Nicholas M. Pette, awarded to Helen Heuston.

English Cup, presented by Dr. and Mrs. Jacob Kroll, in memory of Jeffrey Kroll, to the pupil who has done the best work in English for four years, awarded to Denise Dewan.

Rosalind and Muriel Levine Cup, for *Best Rating in French Among Juniors and Seniors,* won by Monique Busignies. *Betty vanDyke Cup,* for *Greatest Contribution to Le Salon Français,* won by Monique Busignies. *Suzanne vanDyke Cup* for *Most Progress in French,* won by Charles Barton.

The Schumann Cup for Best Student in Spanish, awarded to Morris Tenner.

Best Student in Chemistry Cup, presented by Sherman E. Weiser, Kew-Forest, '41, Philadelphia Textile Institute, '48, awarded to Harry Lieberman.

Best Achievement in Public Speaking Cup, awarded to Margaret Ann Batterman.

For Excellent Work as President of Glee Club, a plaque, gift of Mr. and Mrs. Harold E. Brown, awarded to Margaret Ann Batterman.

Time-Current Affairs Contest, book won by Sheila Evelyn Shapiro.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Berman Cup, for *Most Satisfactory Work in Latin,* awarded to Norman Hubbard.

Ann Koch Memorial Award for Leadership in Philanthropy, to Helen Heuston.

The Attendance Cup, presented by Dean Lucy Allen Smart, awarded to Frances Sparacio.

Medals, bronze or gold, with seal of Kew-Forest School, were awarded the individual, honor pupils. These medals are made possible by the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Koch, in memory of their daughter, Ann Koch.

SCENES ABOUT SCHOOL

First row—And Another Chem. Student Bites the Dust. The Waiter Is Always Right. *Second row*—H. J. C. Directs. Keyboard Harmony. Sez Who? *Third row*—It'll Never Look the Same. *Fourth row*—Only One? Expert Instruction.

LITERATURE

Hidden genius herein lies,

Though some may never know it

And through unseasoned eyes may view

The fancy of the poet.

What Do You Think the Weather Will Be?

GOD, this is the strangest looking place I've ever seen. Some spots are all rocky and dry, just like a deserted beach, and other places are so dense with growth you can hardly see a foot beyond the outer shrubs. The sky gets so grey sometimes that you'd swear it would rain, but it just gets hotter and nothing happens. It's happened a couple of times. I wonder why? Every time I see the sky turn that deep grey I always think of myself when I was a little kid watching the ocean's waves and saying, "Wonder why that is?" That's the way this whole --------- war is with everybody running around saying, "Wonder why that is?" Just the other day Tom's buddy got killed and all Tom did was say, "There was the nicest guy you ever wanted to meet. Seems they're always the first to get it. Wonder why that is?" About three hours ago Bill and I were peeping out of our fox-hole when he took off his helmet to sop some of the sweat from his head. He laid the helmet on the edge of the hole and a sniper's bullet crashed squarely through the middle of it. He grabbed the "steel top" and didn't say anything, but I could feel his brain hammer those words through his body.

Bill's whole name is Bill Watkins. He used to pump gas at his father's Texaco station in Ohio, before this new war situation started. He says he doesn't want to pump gas all his life because he has other ideas. For years the guy has had tap dancing as a hobby and he planned to make a career of it. I saw him dance on the ship coming over and the guy had a lot of talent, but the future is pretty bogged down around here. I've seen a snapshot of his girl friend. She's cute and *boy* is she small next to Bill's six foot hulk! Bill had some great plans for the two of them, but as I said before, the future is pretty bogged down around here.

The sky is beginning to clear up now, and the air is getting a little crisp. That's the way it is around here, one day hot, the next cold. I think the weather gets the guys down as much as the enemy sometimes. I doubt if any of them has ever lived in a climate that changes as quickly as this. The nights are usually cold and damp so that you feel as though you were in ice-packed mud all the time. I've had a cold, or at least the symptoms, ever since I've been here. A few days ago at mid-afternoon a lot of us took off our shirts and had a sun bath and scared up enough burn blisters to make life a little more miserable. This whole life is pretty miserable when you think about it, so we try not to.

We're hoping for mail call today. I haven't heard from my girl in seven weeks, since there hasn't been any mail calls in that time, and we're not really sure there will be one today, but the rumors are around and as I say, we're hoping. That's another thing we do a lot of around here, we hope.

We hope for this, that, and the other thing, but when we want something very much, we pray. The guys don't pray as much as the book writers sometimes say they do. We try to save up prayers for emergencies that happen pretty often around here. I guess that's what throws those book-writers off.

It's getting dark now, and I can see the stars getting brighter against the darkening sky. There's a soft moon casting dull, thin rays contrasting with the deep, black shadows of the rolling landscape. I can hear the distant thud of heavy guns, and Bill's sharp snoring close by. It's funny I never noticed his snoring before. I guess I never stopped to listen. Sounds kind of friendly and reassuring.

Oh, well, I had better sleep, too. I wonder how the weather will be tomorrow?

ALFRED TOIGO, '52

Manhattan

The flashing, flickering, glittering sight
Of Broadway in the light of night,
Is the thumping, throbbing sign of life
Which is witness to the civil strife
And vibrant passion of a city alive.

In the moleish subterranean cave,
Hundreds of iron groundhogs slave,
Struggling on screeching, grinding wheels,
Swaying and rocking till everyone feels
That they're tired but proud of their job.

The City sentinels straight and high
Guard the harbor and that part of sky
Surrounding the symbol of people free,
The great bronze Mistress of Liberty,
Who watches over America.

But this is just the visage fair—
There is another in the two-faced pair
That does not shine and radiate light.
It is a strictly disgusting sight
To those who love New York—

That filthy, rotten swamp—the slum—
Breeding delinquency—crime like a scum,
Needing a Gorgas' iron heel
To purge it clean and make God feel
Once more proud of the City.

Then crowded tenements will go.
And in their place will be row on row
Of brand new brick and glass and stone.
Then, will the City no longer groan
Under the weighty shackles of crime.

A city can be built with stone and steel,
Story on story until it can feel
The beat, the beat, the beat of a heart
In every individual part—
That . . . makes a city whole;
But only the people can give it SOUL.

HARRY LIEBERMAN, '51

Thoughts

I looked to view the region of my soul
In heaven once my body died. And there
I saw that men who once in life a goal
Had set, forgot, for it was heaven
And the thought of life and love were long
Since gone, as were the beauty of a summer night,
Or flowers scented fair, a robin's song,
A woman's love, a baby's smile so bright.

Thus we on earth should overlook the faults,
Of those who wrong have done. Live—and enjoy
This life so sweet. For life is not so long
That we may bide our time and hate, not love.
If I must die, then toll the steeple bell,
And Lord: Please keep my soul from him in Hell.

SANDRA WEBER, '51

Sea Fever

The sea to me will always be
A great and unsolved mystery.
I watch the waves crash on the shore,
And know somehow that evermore
No matter where I chance to be
I'll hear its loud voice calling me—
The voice that will not let me be--
The urgent calling of the sea.

KENNETH BOLTE, '53

The Question

PRIVATE Joe Baker stared at the face in the cracked cabin mirror. It was a good looking face, lean and well bronzed by the burning Inchon sun. No, it definitely wasn't Baker's countenance that revealed the scar of war; it was more likely his eyes. Those tired gray eyes might well have belonged to a man twice his eighteen years.

The door to the cabin suddenly swung open and shattered his thoughts. Baker automatically pivoted to the right and felt for his gun. Two weeks at the front line had made that voluntary action a living part of him. He laughed nervously at his own foolishness and glanced up at his smiling buddy, already a veteran of one war.

"Come on, Kid, all the fellows are over at the P.X. What are you doing here?"

"I was just thinking." Then hesitantly, "Tom, what are we fighting for?"

"Look, Joe, you know I've always tried to be helpful, but this is something else, something that's got to emanate from your own brain in order to understand it at all. It will come to you: maybe the time you see one of your wounded pals murdered; maybe while you're up at the front line; or maybe while you're dying by yourself in some lonely mud-filled ditch."

A few days later Baker's battalion was back on the battle front near the Kaesong area. As they were passing through a seemingly deserted village, they were caught in a Red ambush and the shooting began. While lying wounded in the mud, Baker saw a small Korean boy come out of the shrubbery and walk across the road. He watched helplessly as a North Korean soldier took careful and deliberate aim at the little fellow.

While the bullets were stinging the air around him and the dull roar of the cannons could be heard in the distance, Baker suddenly realized what he was fighting for.

LOIS LEHRMAN, '51

Storm Symphony

The sky is sombre and cloudy,
As the overture begins,
And the wind screeches through the treetops
Like crying violins.

The lightning and the thunder come,
Piercing the sky with a slash,
And a long roll of kettle drums,
In the wake of a cymbal crash.

The rain descends through the thickened sky,
And like hammers on xylophones,
It falls on road and roof in songs
Of wild and melancholy tones.

But then comes the dulcet sound of harps
As the clouds are rolling by,
And the golden rays of the sun pierce through
The dismal gray of the sky.

Then the sweet strains fade away—
The gray of the sky now blends
With the shades of pink and blue and gold—
The symphony now ends.

Ann Weingarden, '54

Pain

I felt the surging pain
beating through my body, in my head,
And the flame of the smoldering coals within me
leaped to newer heights;
The crashing of my heart upon the
rocks of hatred, all resulted from
The searing insult of your brief words.
Then like the touch of God upon the
tossing sea, your hand
Was on my shoulder—and all was calmed.

Georgine Smith, '52

Panic

WHILE I sat on the bus going home, I scrutinized a poster advertising a reducing course. I wondered if the blue taffeta that was last year's spree would fit me for Ginny's party. As soon as I got home I would try it on.

The trouble is that when I watch television, I nibble. Not that I get to see much television anymore—not with the homework I do!

I was wondering why a future Helen Hayes has to be able to parse verbs when the woman next to me took her nose out of her copy of the *Daily News* and looked past me out of the window. She had frowzy dyed hair and one of those feather stole things that always remind me of overgrown caterpillars. She spoke to me in a voice that sounded like chalk on a blackboard.

"Dearie, does this here bus go to Dumont Avenoo?"

"Oh, no!" I said. "You have the wrong bus. This is the number twelve—this goes to Cherokee Heights."

"Honey," she rasped, "up dere it sez that this here is the number thirteen. *I* ain't the one on the wrong bus, maybe!" She chuckled.

I did, too, inside. How silly I was! I'd just get off and cross the street and take a bus back to Wilson Boulevard! I might be a little late, but it was Friday night and the folks wouldn't expect me home too early. I looked out of the window.

It was very dark. The window was an inky mirror.

It was chilly in the bus! I scrunched down in my seat and retied the scarf around my neck.

I looked over the woman's shoulder at her newspaper. There was a large selection of crime — *Band Leader Commits Suicide — Woman Stabbed by Infuriated Husband — Child Kidnaped, Held for Ransom.*

I looked out of the window again. Now, here and there, tiny lights glimmered in little shop windows. The little groceries were all closed. We stopped to let off a passenger, and I could see a cat stalking up and down before a pyramid of cans in one of the windows.

Two deaf-mutes got on, talking with their hands. They had strange, staring eyes that looked like shimmering oysters, white and humid in the thick yellow light of the bus.

The colors in the bus danced wildly like tiny searing flames. Little ripples of cold flowed through me.

We went under an el platform and stopped at a little triangle in the center of an intersection.

The bus driver closed the doors and started to pull away. I heard my voice as if it were sliding through the lemon jello light to me. "Please—let me off."

The bus driver looked at me queerly, but he did stop.

The street was the old fashioned cobblestoned kind. The lights reflected on the wet stones like salamanders, red, green and gold, sliding and slippery.

Against the hard navy sky scrawled a poor clutching little tree. It looked as if it were clawing the sky in search of the sun.

A man, hurrying to get across the street, bumped me and I dropped my money on the ground. The clinking coins sounded like hard laughter. When I picked them up, they felt cold and clammy.

My feet walked across the street ——. I looked at the curb. There was no yellow stripe. There was no bus stop. There was only darkness—and panic.

DORIS KAISER, '52

Age of Wisdom

Oh, he and I were such good friends
When we were only eight.
And even though my skin was dark
I was his closest mate.

Oh, he and I were such good friends,
But time has passed awhile;
Now when he sees me in the street
He doesn't even smile.

Oh, what is the Age of Wisdom?
Is it forty? Is it eight?
In a child who knows no color,
Or a man who shuns his mate?

PEGGY STREIFLER, '51

The Island and the Tide

A little sandbar waits amid the ripples
For sunrise and the rising of the tide—
The battle of the wavelets and the island,
The contest of the rivals, side by side.

The lapping of the waves is creeping closer,
The edges of the island melt away
Like a morning haze that rests upon the ocean
And disappears before the coming day.

The sun is peeping over the horizon;
The morning soon will be upon the sea.
The little island, once so large is shrinking;
It hestiates to lose its victory.

At last, just as the bright new sun is climbing
Higher, the waters close upon the sand,
And with a happy ripple greet the morning—
For they have beaten once again the land.

BARBARA TAYLOR, '53

Thanksgiving

The earth is fair
But little do we care
About her precious gifts.
The pleasant sun whose kisses make us glow,
Gives food to her, and strength for things to grow.
At night, the stars, her eyes, are gleaming bright
And the moon's face smiles with strange delight.
The flowers and trees add beauty to the spring.
For these, for rivers, hills, and everything,
We offer thanks
To Him, our God and King.

Lois Moss, '52

Being Myself

IT is my belief that I can see objectively and without bias, if not all my friends, then at least my most intimate one, myself. Thus it is strange that when I'm lonely and have only myself for company, I find that I'm a stranger—so totally a stranger that I wonder if it is I or another that has taken control of my body's spirit. Baffled in the search for the real me, I attempt to separate all outside influences. I purge myself of all feelings and thoughts not mine, those that belong to authors whose books I have read, or those who have taught or entertained me, and thus become a part of me.

At this point, I bid farewell to the royal Virginia Carvel of Churchill's *The Crisis* and watch without regret brave D'Artagnan galloping off on some noble adventure. Jo from Alcott's *Little Women* leaves me, too, and with her, other heroines of my childhood, some half-forgotten and some still vivid. Then one by one, I cast off the later additions, severing bonds I'd thought as strong as life itself. I forget Arrowsmith's search for the cure of Bubonic Plague, and the probings of De Maupassant.

Like so many startled birds, others fly from me—Hamlet, his heavy brow bowed majestically in the impenetrable mists of Danish conscience to meet somewhere with the departed spirits of Antigone, Oedipus, or the honorable Spanish gentleman, El Cid. It hurts me to have to part with Scarlet O'Hara; however, she, too, must go. No longer shall I reflect upon or be moved by Sir Launfal's search for the Holy Grail. I banish them all, blithe mechanics, hammering out their songs on the anvil of my soul.

Alas, my day-dreaming must stop; I cannot have a personality all my own. Outside influences have become an actual part of my being. Therefore, in order to be myself, I must embrace all the influences that my environment holds.

Frances Sparacio, '51

. . . So Blind . . .

It came on wings of morning
Across the shambles of the battleground,
Stilling the fire of the guns
And quieting the roar of the planes.
It was Peace.
The men suddenly stopped fighting,
Ashamed of the havoc they had wrought.
They stood quietly waiting.
Then a voice rang out,
"Are you willing to accept this Peace?"
The soldiers stood still for a few moments.
Then they roused themselves
And the guns fired and the planes roared.
A dark cloud arose and when it passed,
All that was left of the battlefield was a great desert.
The air was filled with an ominous quiet.
It was too late then to realize that they had heard
The voice of God.

PHYLLIS EITINGON, '54

For Granted

So much we take for granted—
The earth,
The sky,
The sea,
The morning in its glory,
The evening restful, free.

The people of the world, all think
Their knowledge is quite great
Of all the things the world contains,
Of love and joy and hate.

But do they know
The forest wild,
The valley, O so low,
The mountain tops whose purple crowns
Are glistening in the snow?

DOROTHY DEANGELIS, '53

To the "Queen Mary"

I traveled on the ocean deep
From New York to dear Paree
To see my homeland once again.
Oh, what it meant to me!

Great stately Queen, who bore me home
Safely and swiftly, too,
If Columbus only lived today,
What would he think of you!

Bravely he faced the ocean deep
And sought an unknown shore.
Those dangers that Columbus fought,
On thee, are met no more.

Oh, mighty Monarch of the Blue,
Great bridge from shore to shore,
Help, please, our countries to unite
For peace and not for war.

MARIE-LISE GAZARIAN, '51

November Rose

IT was cold, too cold, she told herself, as the sharp November wind, which made the neutral colored leaves seem to dance around so merrily in little circles, forced her to burrow her head deeper into the collar of her tightly wrapped coat. Winter—too cold, she thought, as her memory darted back to the gaily lit summer and all of the fun which it had held. Her heart grew heavier and the thoughts came quicker. "Nuts," she said aloud, as she sent an obtrusive stone, which happened to be lying in her path, whirling down the street. "What is wrong with me? I should be very happy now. Many girls haven't half of the things I have. A warm, happy home." That was one thing she could always count upon, one thing that would always be there when she needed it. That alone should have been enough to make her happy. She repeated this mentally five or six times. "I must take too much for granted," she thought; "I must be spoiled. Nuts," she said again and burrowed her head deeper.

The evening was growing dark and the night much colder and in the sky above her, thick, rolling, black clouds were forming. "If I find my life hard," she told herself, "there is no one who can do anything about it but me. No," she contradicted, "it certainly can't be called hard, for everything lately seems to have been going smoothly. Maybe too smoothly." Maybe that was it. Then that "spoiled" thought flashed into her mind again. She kicked another stone, this time harder. Nothing had been going wrong, but nothing had been going right. Sometimes she wondered what there was in life. What had it to give her?

Suddenly her eye caught hold of something. She stopped and looked at the nearby bush. Could it be a rose? In November? It was a rose, red and vibrant, perfectly silhouetted against the black growling sky, standing erectly, defiantly, as the wind futilely tried to toss it to the sea of leaves. She stood there for a moment, then slowly walked on.

Her house came into view and she started to run—faster. She was happy—happy to be alive, for suddenly she realized that it was not what life had to give her, but what she had to give to life.

JANICE WOLFORD, '53

Poet Laureate

My weapons are a pen and quill,
And ammunition poem.
I've written flowing lines enough
To overfill a tome.

The scope of these is ponderous,
Embracing works on Ohm—
Including mellow phrases
On the seven hills of Rome.

And many times does laughter
Bubble thick as foam,
When I recount the antics of
An elfish little gnome.

But the pity of the whole thing is,
To make the statement terse,
My genius goes unnoticed,
And what is even worse,

The English Prof keeps telling me
That I cannot write a verse.

MORRIS TENNER, '51

Complaint

"Enjoy your leisure," say the sages,
But I've had no leisure, it seems, for ages.
My days are filled with endless work,
And not one lesson dare I shirk!

There is one lesson that I've learned,
That men receive what they have earned!
And what is there for enslaved me,
But to work and slave more diligently!

The television and radio
I must neglect, much to my woe!
Not even time for Milton Berle—
Nor a date some night with my best girl!

From Monday to Sunday there's work galore,
Then the following Monday, I get some more.
But why waste time on poetry?
I've other assignments waiting for me!

STEPHEN ROSENTHAL, '53

You

You have been a dream that walked
And held me by the hand and talked.
You have been the fire that came
Into my heart with a sudden flame.
You have been the sun by day,
A star at night that led the way.
You have been and will ever be
A vital, living part of me.

CAROLE MAGDOL, '51

The Death Ship

He stood in terror on the wharf,
In the mist of an early morn
As a ghostly ship with a ghostly crew
Came sailing through the foam.

'Twas a sight to take his breath away,
And leave him cold and chill,
As Death itself had gone abroad
To claim men at its will.

"A curse upon you," he slowly said;
"You fill my heart with dread."
"Curse not," came back the low reply,
"I come to fetch the dead."

"Who art thou, stranger? I know thee not;
Are you from near or far?"
"I'm from the region far beyond,
Where souls of dead men are."

"Then why approach me, stranger?
I have more years to see by."
"You have no choice in this matter, sir;
Tonight you are fated to die."

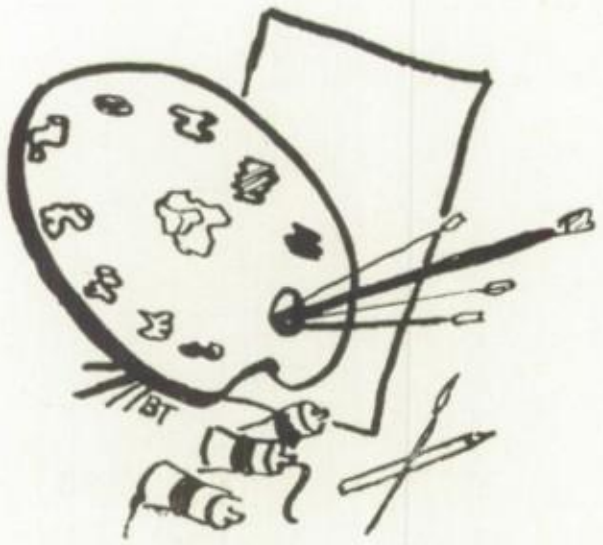
The sea and land are silent now
And the ship has gone that claims men;
But when the sea turns black at night
The Death Ship rides again.

PHYLLIS SHAPIRO, '53

Resurrection

It appeared as if in dust
Colored ashes of a cold fire.
It hung below the stratosphere, as if quite lost,
Feebly trying to regain its power.
Suddenly a flash—and then 'twas gone,
But life had seized new hope from this
Sign, and courageously battled on
Against all odds, forward to victory
By faith. Slowly, step by step, the weary way
It rose, splendid, vast, and shining.
Out of the yawning, ghastly decay
It stood resurrected—forever,
Forceful, peaceful, unafraid—the new world of another day.

ROBERT LANDES, '51



Anyone Can Paint!!

SINCE I graduated from kindergarten and passed into first grade, I have never regained my remarkable talent for modern art. This was most likely due to the fact that my superiors no longer encouraged me, or any of my little contemporaries, to push a slimy brush apathetically over uninspiring sheets of drawing paper, while holding the morning milk in the other hand.

The most wonderful thing about modern art is that it permits all types of people, whether they have any talent or not, to paint extraordinary masterpieces. Books are continually being written to convince the ordinary layman that anyone can paint, whereupon hundreds of people rush out to buy painting supplies and rapidly disprove the theory. A taxi driver's brush slips while he is painting his basement walls and he thinks he has created a Picasso mural. A housewife joins a local art class and immediately considers herself another Grandma Moses.

Passing through Greenwich Village, the artistic melting pot of the city, I walked into a tiny, obscure art gallery. The artist explained that these were the works of some of his protégées who paint as a hobby. The first one that attracted my attention, indeed it was impossible to miss it, was a massive painting that almost covered one wall. It was a geometric potpourri consisting of brightly colored triangles, circles and squares. Its creator had the audacity to name it *Broadway at Night*. The next one I studied really intrigued me. It was composed of every color on the artist's palette together with little bits of refuse and anything else he happened to have on hand at the time. Evidently he couldn't think of a name for it either, for it was entitled *Number 67435*.

I could write more fully on this subject, but I want to lay down my pen now and try my hand at modern art. After all, the experts say anyone can paint!!!

LOIS LEHRMAN, '51

The Meeting

It was a quiet way that we two met.
No trumpets sounded forth,
No immortal words were spoken.
Yet with one quick glance, I knew all that I needed to,
For there are some things mere words cannot express.

SONDRA ZIET, '52

Afternoon

I gazed out of the window into the afternoon.
The branches of the trees were stirring
And the sun sifted through the leaves.
The tulips nodded their gay heads lazily,
As if discussing some choice bit of garden gossip.
I turned back to the busy study hall.
My watch was ticking conscientiously
Intent on making the seconds fly.
The second hand seemed to push against an invisible wall
As it made its halting way around the dial;
Just one more minute, it promised.
Suddenly the bell screeched its dismissal.
I gathered up my books and ran
Out to my friends,
Study forgotten.
I was free, and the afternoon was mine.

BARBARA TAYLOR, '53

Luncheon Woes

What I do when I eat at school
Is one long tale of woe.
I supervise the first grade kids,
Who treat me *as a foe!*

The little dears are really sweet.
While they are being fed,
They never beat each other up;
They beat me *up instead.*

Sometimes they spill their food
As little children might,
But why all over their uniform?
That's quite a sorry sight!

If one should take a Gallup poll,
He wouldn't have to dream—
The dessert that most first graders like,
Is melted chocolate cream.

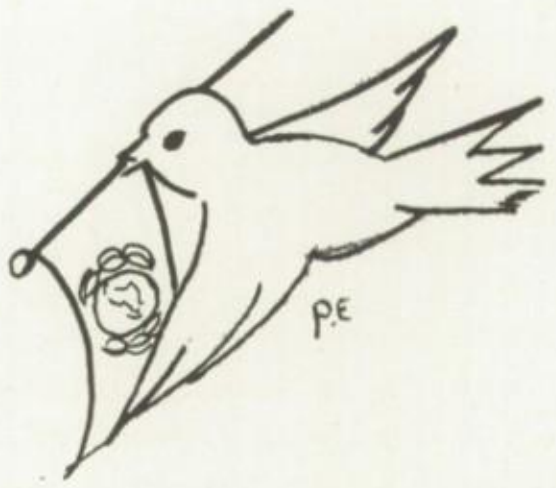
So everyday I take care of them,
I take it in my stride.
I take all the little mishaps
And put 'em all aside.

Now if perchance a parent
Should read this little verse,
You know I don't mean your child.
He's probably the worst!

SALLY MORSE, '52

If Only . . .

If we could really know each other,
The heart, the mind, the soul of our brother;
If we could learn to be calm and cool,
And always practice the Golden Rule;
If we could see the other's side,
And forget our selfish, angry pride,
We'd lose all thought of fear and greed,
And other things that hate will breed.
There wouldn't be the destruction of war—
For there'd be peace forevermore.



MARILYN JAHN, '55

Footsteps in the Night

THE night air was cold and damp. One could see the moisture glistening on the cold steel girder of the bridge that spanned the river like a gigantic arm. A deathly silence reigned, broken only by the gloomy sound of a distant fog horn. Suddenly light footsteps were heard. The footsteps paused and then continued, making them sound afraid. They were steadily growing louder and sounded like a hammer beating on a hollow log. Closer and closer they came, no longer hesitant but determined as if they had reached a decision.

A car passed, its headlights stabbing into the inky darkness, only to be swallowed up. Somewhere in the distant city a bell tolled twelve o'clock, the hour of mystery. The echo of the bell ceased and the footsteps could no longer be heard. Where were they? Were they imaginary? These questions were answered by a slight splash far down below in the icy river. The night had claimed its victim.

PETER KRAY, '52

Uncertainty

Your taunting jests and mockery
Injected with some irony
Awake in me a scathing ire.
Throughout our date, it burns like fire.

Your verbal daggers within me start
The deepest piercing through my heart.
You seem to feel a wild elation
When I am seething with vexation.

And there are times when I'm afraid
You mean the taunts that you have made,
Until you take my hand and state
You're never *this way with people you hate.*

LOIS MOSS, '52

Sunrise

SUNRISE should be witnessed alone. It is no time to express wonderment. Any words are an intrusion on one's personal awe. It is a kind of religious experience. One wants to be alone with the glory of it, as darkness falls from the evergreens on the hills. Slowly the trees that had seemed to be one mass take shape and the hill that had been shrouded in shadows emerges, its outline clear. As the forms begin to grow sharply defined, one also begins to feel a pleasant warmth creep into his bones. A poet once described warm water as *the benison of hot water.* The same benison seems to be a part of the warmth that pervades the morning air.

Strangely, the aloneness that we wanted so much when we first stood on the bank watching the sun come over the hill is no longer there. There seems to be another presence, as though we had been drawn into the whole of nature, and become a part of the hill, the trees, the skies, the whole landscape. Now the sun is in full view, taking its place in the sky, shedding its rays and the benison of its rays on the sleeping houses, the chill grass, the little drops of moisture that we call dew, the rising farmers, the animals, and the water that flows so quietly past our lives.

DANIEL FALES, '51

Metamorphosis

Have you seen Autumn,
A flirtatious young maiden
Drinking of the warm, golden sunshine
And the dew of the morning?
There she stands, dressed in a rich, subtle mantle of vibrant color,
Flaunting her beauty.
Yet I know that one day soon
She will suddenly grow old,
And the sharp, cool wind,
And the relentless beating rain
Will strip her of her glory,
Leaving her barren and silent,
Until she is once more reborn.

LOIS MOSS, '52

The Disaster in Texas

THERE was a cool breeze coming in from the ocean that fateful day of April 16, 1947. The fog was so thick you could hardly see twenty feet in front of you. I quickly walked down to the office that morning. It was one of those days when the rain threatened to come down in torrents, but it just never came.

I sat at my desk and was about ready to ring for my secretary when it happened—a tremendous blast that shook the earth. The glass in the windows broke into little pieces, and chunks of plaster fell from the ceiling. I dived under my desk, and a lucky thing I did, too, because a big chunk of plaster dropped where I had been two seconds before.

The first confused thoughts rambling through my mind were that the Russians had dropped an A bomb, but I quickly put that thought aside. When it was safe, I came out from under the desk and went to what had been the window to see what had happened. A red glare was coming from the docks and billows of smoke were rising. Then I heard a series of small blasts. All of a sudden I realized that the chemical plant and and the gasoline tanks were down there. If they should catch fire, there was no telling what might happen.

At first I was in a panic. I didn't know what to do. I quickly rushed to the phone in the next room and found my secretary lying on the floor, unconscious. I tried to phone for help, but the line was dead. I dared not walk in the street, for I didn't think it was yet safe. Then I heard the fire sirens rushing to the disaster.

About an hour later, when my secretary regained consciousness, we rushed down to the Red Cross Station. It wasn't until then that I realized how lucky I was to be alive. This was what I was told: A French ship had been steaming into the harbor that morning, loaded with dangerous explosives of nitrate. All of a sudden a small fire had started on board ship. The harbor firemen tried to put it out, but in vain. The nitrate caught fire and a terrible explosion resulted. All the spectators watching the fire were instantly killed. Scores of others nearby had the same fate. "If it had not been for their natural trait of curiosity, most of these people might have been alive at this moment," I thought to myself.

I immediately volunteered as a rescue worker. It was then that I saw the grim truth. Clearing the debris, we found scores of dead bodies. The fires at the docks went on for three horrible days. Finally on April 19, the fires were put out, with just a few blazes here and there. Texas City was a wreck.

It was hard to believe that pure carelessness could have caused such a disaster; nevertheless, it was true. One little match or cigarette butt had made Texas City a second Hiroshima. When the casualties were finally counted, there were five hundred and fifty dead, and thousands injured. The Grim Reaper had taken his toll.

HENRY ASSAEL, '53

Foam

Pure, white, billowy foam
Dancing, swishing, swirling
On an ocean wave—
A wave that is rushing toward shore,
Toward the grey, jagged rocks.
The sharp sound of the splash
Harmonizes with the hum of the gentle breeze.
The foam leaves its mark,
A dainty white rim,
Encircling a monstrous rock.
The wave retreats
Only to come again,
But now stillness pervades the night.
A scene of tranquillity exists—
Peace reigns.

GAIL GIFFORD, '52

Things I Love

I love to lie in fragrant fields
And watch the sky above,
The endless stretch of heavenly blue,
The clouds as they drift slowly by,
A celestial rainbow after a shower,
A yellow light that never dies—
These are the things I love.
Then as day begins to wane
And the past slips out of sight,
There comes star dust, a new moon,
And earthly things begin to sleep.
A blanket of velvet protects all,
And stars come out their vigil to keep
Till daylight breaks anew.

JOAN CONLAN, '54

The Sea

Cool, greenish, misty,
Never changing,
Ever ranging,
Far above horizon line;
With turbulent passion
In a ghost-like fashion,
It shines at night
With a phosphorescent light.
Men have stood,
Both bad and good,
Exalted by this scene.
Time passes on,
But not—
The sea.

ROBERT LANDES, '51

Fulfillment

It was seven o'clock—
My pulses pounded as
I seated myself before
The piano—
And at once Orpheus
Carried my spirit to
The soaring heights
Of music.

The tones swelled
Within me . . .
The rich melodies
Filled my soul with
Joy and rapture,
While sweet ecstasies
Threaded with musical
Choruses sent me onward
Through the melodic sounding
Echoes of my heart.

FRANCES WILSON, '54

Owed on a Grecian Urn

'Twas sitting on the table
As lovely as could be.
The fire danced reflected,
An awesome sight to see.

The wondrous shape artistic
Was perfect as a tree;
The intricate engraving
Was light as wing of bee.

It had lasted through the ages—
Long years of history—
A token of a culture
Engulfed in mystery.

But all its glory faded.
The reason's plain to see:
The bill was fifty dollars—
I'd only twenty-three!

MORRIS TENNER, '51

The Lesson

I watched her shaking, lying in her mound of ashes—
The ashes that were her poor shrunken dreams.
She sobbed like a beaten child without hope,
Without confidence, without love.
And so she was dead to me
Because I live in such a world as hers was
And then my heart shrieked in ecstatic terror
At my first glimpse of reality—
Reality in tears of bitter gall,
Reality in the broken dreams of the gentle one.
Thus I learned what grief is.

DORIS KAISER, '52

Our Class

We are the freshmen, thirty-two strong;
Ready to meet opposition are we:
The twelve new-comers of High School IA,
The twenty old-timers of the IB.

Our names go from Abby to William—
We haven't quite gotten to Z;
Though we haven't reached that letter in names,
We have in personality.

We've some Sandburgs, O. Henrys, and Renoirs;
Berles and Iturbis abound;
Though Juliets are always searching,
Romeos are hard to be found.

Despite all detentions and homework,
We have our banners unfurled
Ready to march toward the future
And ready to better the world.

ANN WEINGARDEN, '54

LOWER SCHOOL LITERATURE

The Day of the Big Storm

ON Saturday, November twenty-fifth, we had the worst storm of the century, or so it seemed to me. The buildings shook in the wind. Trees, telephone poles, aerials, and street lights were blown down and all around. There was danger from live wires and falling glass.

My father was away that day. The telephone rang and someone said that the roof was blowing off Kew-Forest School. My mother tried to call Nick Werner, who works at the school, but couldn't reach him. She called several roofers, but had no luck. She even called the police to send an emergency crew, but they were all busy and couldn't make it until late.

I started out to have a look at the school myself and also to look for Nick. When I walked, or I should say, was blown down the Turnpike, garbage cans, glass and merchandise from stores were blowing all over the street. I was nearly blown over myself. At one time a man passing by grabbed me or I should have gone into the street along with the garbage cans.

When I reached the school, the shingles from the roof were blowing helter-skelter. Trees were knocked down.

The door was locked. I pounded on it but no one came. So I crawled through the laboratory window and got inside the school. I found Nick and another man working downstairs where they hadn't been able to hear the phone and didn't know what was happening to the roof.

They got another man to help them board down the shingles. The wind nearly blew the men off the roof and it did blow the ladder over, leaving the men stranded up there holding on for dear life. I tried to put the ladder back up but couldn't hold it against the wind. One of the men called down for me to open the door. He climbed from the roof down to the door and then held the ladder so the other men could climb down. It was pretty exciting for a while.

Later the storm began to let up a little and the men finished nailing the roof. Then everyone went home feeling mighty thankful that things hadn't been worse.

ROBERT DIXON, '56

Summer

Summer is here and gaiety, too,
And all of the flowers are bright with dew.
Birds are singing, happy and gay,
And crickets are chirping out in the hay.

Swimming's a pleasure and agrees with the weather,
That summer's the best time of the year,
And happy are we that summer is here.
We are full of gay laughter and cheer.

JESSICA ALLAN, '56

My Ambition

I wish I could be in the movies,
With make-up on my face,
With costumes of silk and jewels,
And costumes of beautiful lace.

I wish I could be in the movies,
With vacations most of the time,
With directors, cameras and artists—
All that I'd like to call mine.

MARCIA CANTOR, '57

No Self Pity

THE wounded soldiers were waiting to be shipped home. Every one of the boys was disgusted with pain. Many had ugly bullet wounds and severe cases of frostbite. A musty odor of decay, medicine, and cigarettes filled the room.

One young lad named Jim was sitting by himself. He was busily engaged in writing poems. He had a happy, good natured grin from ear to ear. Jim had lost one arm and was recovering from a severe case of pneumonia. One badly disheartened boy asked him how he could be so cheerful. Jim replied, "When I was in the last war, I saw my best buddy killed. Although I have lost two legs and one arm, I figured I was luckier than my buddy. I'm still thanking God."

JOAN GERTZ, '56

My Dog Beanie

I have a little Boston Bull
Who likes to play with Mama's wool.
He runs off with my brother's shoe,
But nothing naughty does he do.

When I say, "Stand!" he sits right down,
And acts just like a little clown.
Each morning he jumps on my bed
And wakes me, sitting on my head.

I'll never teach him tricks at all,
Except to run and chase a ball,
'Cause he's my friend, though just a pup,
And who asks friends to beg or sit up?

MONICA MORAN, '58

Thanksgiving

In November of every year,
Thanksgiving comes with God's good cheer.
This custom which is very old,
Started with Pilgrims, I've been told.

They had a big feast with plenty of food,
With every one in a thankful mood.
Their thanks they gave for a winter of health,
A summer of plenty and a harvest of wealth.

The Indians were asked to share their feast,
'Twas oh so good to live in peace.
These savage people with friendly hand
Had shared their food and rocky land.

Since then Thanksgiving is the time
For folks to count their blessings,
Extend world friends a helping hand,
And thank God for a wonderful land.

CAROL EGRY, '56

The Meadow

The meadow is there,
Just over the hill,
With the grasses and flowers
And a rippling rill.

The daisies and violets,
The grasses so green,
Make the place beautiful,
Fresh and so clean.

The brook is just yonder
Right over the hill;
Just to look at it, wade in it,
Gives one a thrill.

MARCIA CANTOR, '57

Summer

SUMMER is vacation time and my friends and I climb trees while the birds are singing. We ride our bicycles, and in the night we go for walks. In the morning I go to the beach. We build castles in the sand. We play baseball. We have two trees in the back yard. One is an apple tree and one is a cherry tree. One year a bird built a nest in my cherry tree.

Summer is fun, but we can't always play. School time can be fun too, sometimes.

GWEN PALLANTE, Age 8

Kew-Forest

Kew-Forest is a wonderful school.
That's where we learn the Golden Rule,
And if we're wrong to take the blame,
And to be earnest in our aim.

In gym we're taught to lead in sports.
We play our games in yards or courts.
Our faithful teams are Red and Blue,
And every year we bring in new.

In class we're always good as gold;
Sometimes we get a little bold.
Our work is hard, but lots of fun;
To us, all days are bright as sun.

BARBARA MCGINNIS, '56

My Dog

My dog had no ribbon or pedigree.
Still he meant all the world to me.
I remember the day he passed away—
He lay in the field where he used to play.
No more shall we hear his little stride,
For he has reached the great divide.
No more shall we hear his happy bark;
He'll never come home when the fields grow dark.
Right over yonder he lies in sleep,
But though he has gone, we shall not weep
For that dog of whom we're so very fond—
He has gone to rest in the great beyond.

JOHN HETHERINGTON, '56

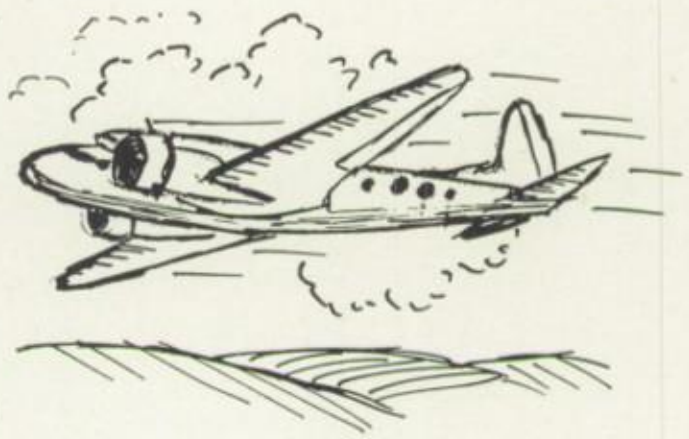
Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving is a special day,
A day when all of us should pray
And thank the Lord for what he's done
To give us food and health, and fun.
We ought to thank him for our friends
Each day that starts and night that ends,
But we wait for this special day
Our very special thanks to say.
Don't you think for the life we're living,
Every day should be Thanksgiving?

MONICA MORAN, '58

My Flight

Every year I make this flight
In the plane that leaves New York at midnight.
The plane is headed for St. Thomas far away.
I do not arrive there till the next day.
We sleep all night—
Away up in the air.
By breakfast time,
We are almost there.
You see the trip is very quick—
I just hope I don't get air sick.



MARTHA ANN DREYER, Age 8

The Little Sparrow

A brown little sparrow is flying high
Through the blue and sunny sky.
Now he perches in our apple tree
And chirps away right merrily.

But when the snow falls to the ground,
The brave little sparrow will stay around
For he knows kind people will feed him bread
As he flies to each window and cocks his head.

J. RILEY SMIRNOW, '57

Hot or Cold

We hear so much about Democracy,
The land of the brave and the home of the free.

I wonder what it will mean to me
In the year nineteen hundred and sixty-three.

Did the cold war become the hot
And was the enemy finally fought?

Will Communism perish from the earth?
Will peace and freedom have a new birth?

I certainly hope that this may be
The way things are in sixty-three.

ROBERT HEARN DIXON, '56

My Kittens

My kittens run around the room,
Until we chase them with the broom;
They both eat paper at their will,
But how I love my kittens still!

They chase each other, wear and tear—
This our maid can hardly bear;
And what they break makes quite a bill,
But how I love my kittens still!

BARBARA MCGINNIS, '56

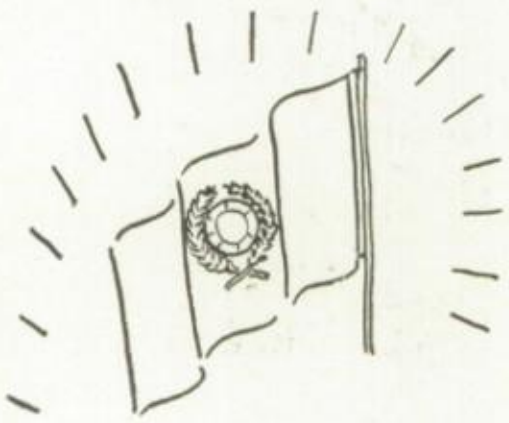
Dreaming of a Star

I'd love to be a ballerina,
Or an actress fair,
Perhaps a pretty pin-up girl
With long and golden hair.

That's what I've dreamed of
Since I was young and small
And that's what I want to be
When I grow big and tall.

BARBARA SMITH, '59

The Building in New York



There is a building that stands in New York,
Where foreign governments come to talk.
They talk about all nations free;
They talk about countries far over the sea.
They talk about countries like Russia and France;
Their men are smart and can tell at a glance when a country's
Government is in a great trance.
This building that stands in New York,
Where the foreign governments come to talk,
Is called the United Nations today.
I think this building is here to stay.

JOHN LEVIN, '58

Death

Oh, I have often wondered while sitting all alone
How death creeps into the minds of men
And reduces men to bone;
And I have often wondered
While kneeling by your grave
How I could be with you once more—
To you I'd be a slave.
I know what wrong I've done you—
I've done good things, but few.
I wish I could one kindness lend,
But I shall love you to the end.

IAN BUCHANAN, '56

Birds

The birds are so sweet and gentle, and kind,
They'll eat bread, or bugs, or an orange rind.
They fly through the air and sing all day,
And build their nests in a most busy way.
Many are timid, and many are bold;
Some are so pretty that they're to be sold.
And it's always fun to watch their feet,
As they hoppity-hop with such courage and zest,
To bring food to their young, that are home in their nests.

STEPHANIE SMIRNOW, '56

The Vultures

After the wagons have burned to dust,
And the settlers left in dread,
A huge black cloud comes over the sky
And settles down on the dead.
They screech and they scream
And tear the flesh
Until the blood-stained claws
Take good hold in the grim white face
And give the eyes a gnaw.
A bugle is heard from over the hill
And the troopers see the ill fate,
But the Indians have long since gone,
For the troopers have come too late.

JOHN HETHERINGTON, '56

The Wind

The wind can be so kind and yet so very cruel.
In summer when we're hot, it can make us nice and cool and help the boats to sail on a peaceful little stream.
But that same wind can change into a howling, raging scream.
We don't know where it comes from and we don't know where it goes,
And all we can do about it is be thankful that it blows.

BRUCE HELLER, '59

Fido

Fido is the cutest pup—
He chews my Daddy's slippers up.
When Daddy wants to spank him hard,
He runs away into the yard
And waits for me to fix things up.
My Fido is the cutest pup!

SUSAN SPARER, '56

Snow Man

Snowman, snowman, icy and white,
I see you out there in the night.
I see you there, icy and cold,
Frozen in a solid mold.

Snowman, snowman, icy and white,
Do you stay out there all of the night
Standing stiff and very cold,
Upon that icy knoll?

NORMAN RAMOL, '58

My Pet

I have a pet canary,
As sweet as he can be.
And all day long he sings
His sweetest songs to me.

He sits on the swing,
And starts to sing,
His sweetest melody,
Bringing joy to me.

LOIS SNYDER, '59

Spring

I LOVE spring because I can play and have fun. It is nice to watch the trees bud and the flowers come poking their heads up. And it is nice to go skating and to ride my bike. It is nice to watch people and children have fun. And it is fun to watch the men chasing their hats.

JACQUELINE DICKEL, Age 8

Winter

Here we are in winter again
And the beautiful falling snow;
The glazing ice and chimney smoke
Give a wonderful flashing glow.

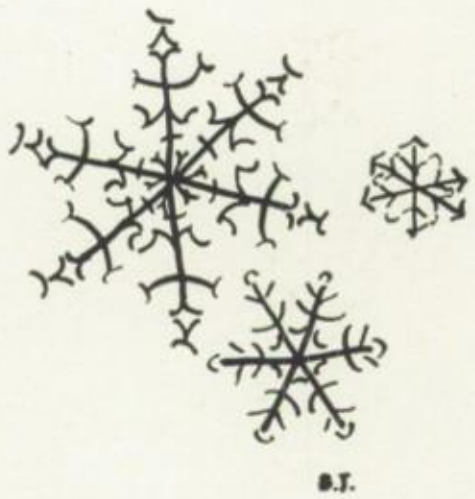
SANDRA BROWN, '56

Snow Flakes

Snowflake, snowflake,
So delicate and white,
You shine all day
And you shine all night.

You proclaim all the wonders
In a fairyland book
Until "Ole Sol" gets you
With his last warm look.

PETER CASSINO, '58



My Wish

I wish I had a turtle which I could love and touch,
I wish I had a turtle that would love me just as much.
I'd be kind and tender to him and would not call him names,
I'd only want to learn to play the turtle kind of games.
I think he would more than repay the treatment kind and fair,
At least that's what I have been told
By people everywhere.

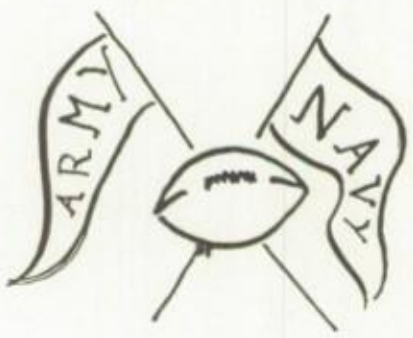
IONE KOURIDES, '59

Baby

WE have a baby, a funny baby who cries sometimes and plays sometimes. We all love her a lot. She eats very much and all the time she licks her thumb. But sometimes she is very bad. When she sleeps we love her most.

MARIAN DOBBS, Age 8

Army vs. Navy, 1950



The Navy won
A football game;
The Army was
The loser.

The Navy's score
Was fourteen points.
All Army got
Were two, sir!

FREDERICK MESLER, '58

My Favorite Holiday

Christmas should be twice a year,
It always brings so much cheer.
Of course, the presents help a bit
To make me sort of favor it.

RICHARD RUSSO, '59

The Pirate

There was a pirate so big and tall,
Who had a ship that was sturdy but small.
He won many battles, and lost many, too;
He must be richer than any of you.

JOSEPH P. KING, '59

A Tulip

The tulip is a pretty flower
That spends its life in the summer sun.
It grows steadily, hour by hour.
Why should the winter come and spoil its fun?

IONE KOURIDES, '59

A Wish for 1951

I wish the world were peaceful and free;
I wish other nations might think as we;
I wish a third world war, we'll never see;
I wish God would help us, and thankful we'll be.

STEPHEN MASTERS, '59

It Was Peter

It was Peter who tore my arithmetic book,
It was Peter who gave me that dirty look.
It was Peter who took all my yellow pencils.
It was Peter who jabbed with kitchen utensils.
It was Peter who made my girlfriend bawl.
It was Peter who made me bleed in the hall.
And although it was done by Peter McGhee,
The blame was always put on me.
It was Peter who stole all my dearest treasures,
So now, I'm afraid I must take drastic measures.

SUSAN SPARER, '56

FOREIGN LITERATURE

Les Saisons

Chantons, petits oiseaux!
Il fait si beau!
Poussez, jeunes bourgeons,
C'est le printemps, voyons!

La libellule, le papillon s'élancent gaiement,
Majestueusement,
Pour se poser dans les prés.
C'est l'été.

Le violon gémit sous ses cordes plaintives,
Les feuilles, les âmes glissent maladives,
Le vent souffle monotone.
C'est l'automne.

Le monde semble mort,
Sous un linceuil il dort,
La neige palit l'univers.
C'est l'hiver.

Mais, toutes choses se succèdent,
La tristesse a la joie cède,
Une parure nouvelle orne la nature.
C'est le printemps dans la verdure.

MARIE-LISE GAZARIAN, '51

Destin

J'AI rencontré un homme riche qui était vieux et bien faible. Il m'a dit,—Je donnerais tout mon argent pour être aussi fort que vous. Il n'y a que ça qui me reste dans la vie.

Alors, plus tard, j'ai rencontré un homme aveugle mais très heureux. Je lui ai demandé,—Mon ami, comment pouvez vous sourire quand vous ne verrez plus? Il a répondu,—La vie m'est douce toujours.

A bien des gens la vie entière paraît dure et cruelle, mais l'homme aveugle avait appris ce que l'homme riche ignorait, que la vie a de la douceur que l'affliction l'avait aidé a trouver.

A celui des deux hommes comparez votre destin et vous direz, comme moi, que la vie est quelquefois injuste, mais nous devrions être reconnaissants de ce que nous avons de bien, quelque petit que soit-il.

DIANA D'ARIENZO, '51

Les Femmes

A LA plupart des hommes il n'y a pas de différence entre les larmes. Pour les femmes, cependant, un accès de joie agit avec autant de violence qu'un gros chagrin. Quand elles sont très heureuses, elles versent des larmes de joie; quand elles sont tristes, elles répandent des larmes de douleur. Si elles sont heureuses, elles désirent acheter de nouveaux vêtements; mais quand elles sont tristes, il n'y a rien comme un chapeau neuf pour les réjouir. Si quelquechose arrive qui est nuisible à la famille, c'est la faute du mari. S'il arrive quelquechose de beau, c'est la femme que prend tout l'honneur. Ainsi, l'homme ne peut jamais gagner.

NORMAN HUBBARD, '52

Viaje al Canadá

EL verano pasado mi familia decidió hacer un viaje en automóvil al Canadá. Nos detuvimos en muchas ciudades y vimos muchas cosas interesantes. Primero, nos pasamos a Niagara Falls, una maravilla natural de nuestro país y un lugar favorito de novios en su luna de miel. Es una vista que todo el mundo debe ver porque es verdaderamente maravillosa. Entonces fuimos a Toronto, ciudad comercial. Las Mil Islas, nuestra parada próxima, son hermosísimas y tienen casas grandes donde viven muchos americanos. Al fin vimos a Montreal, ciudad grande, en donde vive gente de habla inglesa y francesa. Entonces regresamos a casa, y estamos todos de acuerdo que nuestro viaje fué muy agradable.

LOIS MOSS, '52

El lugar que más me gustaría visitar

SIEMPRE he soñado con visitar a Madrid. Sus primorosa arquitectura, brioso baile, colores vivos, y tonadas pegajosas siempre han excitado mi imaginación.

El encuentro de lo viejo y lo nuevo se pronuncia muchísimo en Madrid. Automóviles lujosos tienen que esperar hasta que pasen rabaños de ovejas o carros de bueyes que van hacia el mercado. En el lindo paseo de la Castellana alegres señoritos compran una flor en una de las tiendas para su señorita favorita, mientras que, en un lugar inmediato, unos trabajadores y sus familias comen el cocido.

La ciudad de Madrid, como cualquier ciudad española, es famosa por su plaza de toros. Más que todo, Madrid es célebre por sus tesoros de arte inapreciables y su música tradicional.

SUZANNE ELLEN, '51

Vacaciones en Francia

ESTE verano tuve le suerte de ir a Francia con mis padres. Pensábamos viajar mucho, y después de unos días en París, fuimos a visitar a Normandía y Bretaña.

Normandía, con sus culturas y sus prados, ofrece una variedad de paisajes extraordinaria y muchísimos recuerdos de la época de Guillermo el Conquistador. Bretaña, al contrario, es una region más austera y más remota del resto del país, no solamente a causa de su población de origen céltico, que ha conservado un idioma muy diferente del francés, sino por su situación geográfica.

Después de este viaje de tres semanas, proyectamos ir al sur de Francia y España, pero no pudimos realizar nuestro deseo, y entendimos que habíamos hecho castillos en España.

MARIE-LISE GAZARIAN, '51

Auctoritas Latinae

LATINA tantummodo disciplina locutiones et articulos recordantis non est. Sententia eius est non modo ut formas doceat sed etiam ut nos certiores de Cicerone, Virgilioque, Horatioque faciat.

Institutum Latinae nobis adiuvat ut scientiam meliorem vocabulorum et facultatem putandi et dicendi clarius acquiramus. Verba sunt maximi momenti. Sunt noster maximus modus vocis, et scribendo et loquendo.

Latina vobis subvenit ut sententiam vocabulorum novorum per Latinam etymologiam investigemus. Ita, Latina auctoritatem eius in recentem orationem sustinet.

FRANCES WILSON, '54

"Meus Dies"

EHEU me, propter certamen in mea libella, ego solus tertium annum Latinae studeo. Tres dies e septem diebus descendo gradus ad consili locum (Conference Room) ubi Magistram Zimmermannam convenio. Trans tabulam de ea sedeo et stultus obtueor; id quod non est difficile. Horae sexagesimae partes, perioda, hebdomades, menses transeunt et brevi tempore ludus praeteribit. Hoc est meum ultimum spatium Latinae et, si potest, cupio relinquere Dominam Zimmermannam cum memoria boni Latini discipuli, studiosi cognoscendis omnibus. Itaque, referram tabulam Joyae Siegelae convertentis orationes Ciceronis.

STANLEY ISRAEL, '52

America

"America, America
Deus gratiam suam in te fundat."
Eis qui not cives sunt,
Similis arbori togatae es.

America, America,
Aurum intra oras vestras est;
Et viri longe lateque venerunt
Ut in portis tuis pulsarent.

America, America,
Patria mea procul abest;
Sed in hac terra libertatis
Est ubi semper manebo.

America, America
Futura mea in manibus tuis.
Nam, cum civis fieram,
Pro quo credes, pugnabo.

America, America,
Quomodo semper gratias agere possum
Populis qui mihi permittant ut veniam
Ut inter eos vitam meam agam.

America, America,
Vitam meam pro te dabo,
Ut inter populum vivam,
Qui pugnavit pro quo liberum sit.

"America, America,
Deus luceum suam in te luceat."
Patere me fieri civem
Patriae fortium et liberorum.

DAVID AILION, '54

Confessiones

CLASSIS, Latina III quattuor discipulos, Marioniam, Stanislaudem, Williamum meque habet. Nostra magistra, Gracia Zimmermanna patientiam atque aequam animam vobis ostendit, et quamquam clara voce acclamamus nos inquisitiones omnes non vincere posse, est modo ludus vobiscum. Aliquando ut tempus consumamus, de multis rebus loqui conamur. Ut scitis, Gracia Zimmermanna est praefecta collationum nostro "Blottero."

Itaque, hic est primum nostrum argumentum. Speramus nos ituros esse ad picturam moventem videndam, "Quo Vadis." Haec dicta est esse optimam. Te videbimus!

JOY SIEGEL, '52

ATHLETICS

Bedecked in earnéd garlands

And weighted with reward,

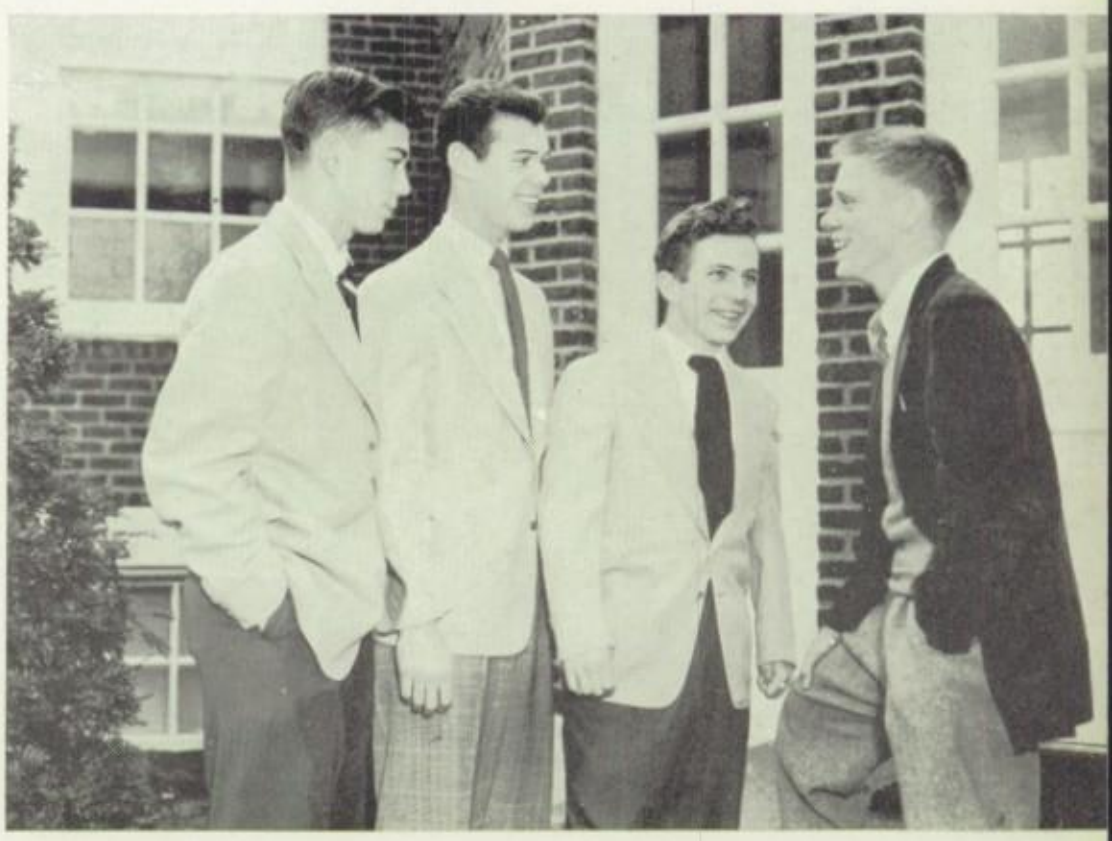
A paragon of virtue,

Through children's eyes a god.

Left to right—Peggy Streifler (President), Vasilia Contomanolis (Vice-President), Gail Gifford (Blue Captain), Kay Kindred (Red Captain). *Standing* — Mary Alice Wasson (Secretary-Treasurer).

Girls Athletic Council

Boys Athletic Association



Left to right — Robert Landes (Vice-President), Robert Pascal (President), John Farrell (Secretary), Daniel Fales (Treasurer).

Kneeling — Joan Gill, Vasilia Contomanolis (Captain), Phyllis Eithingon, Ann Kindred, Kay Kindred, Barbara Stokes, Peggy Streifler, Frances Sparacio. *Standing*—Joan Conlan, Elaine Humbert, Diana Brookfield, Gail Gifford, Anita Fiddelman, Mary Alice Wasson, Monica Ballard, Doris Kaiser (Manager).

Varsity Hockey

SCHEDULE

			K-F	*Opp.*
Oct.	13	Staten Island Day School	1	1
Oct.	20	Woodmere Academy	2	1
Oct.	25	Baldwin High School	4	2
Nov.	1	Riverdale Country Day School	1	0
Nov.	3	Friends Academy	3	2
Nov.	10	Fieldston School	2	4
Dec.	12	The Alumni	3	3
			16	13

Captain Vassie Contomanolis

KEW-FOREST'S hockey teams have always ranked among the finest, and this year's spirited Hockey Varsity played well and enthusiastically in upholding this standard. It triumphed in five games, tied two, and lost only one.

A large percentage of the students turned out to watch their team on the brisk, fall days, and sang school pep songs in the special bus going to and coming from the games.

Early in the season, the girls on the varsity, decided to add a current fashion note to their navy tunics. A "sewing bee" was organized, and at the next game, Kew-Forest girls came out on the field in red and blue plaid belts, representing the school colors.

The season was climaxed by the annual dinner, combining the Girls Hockey and the Boys Soccer Varsities for an evening of fun. This was an occasion to entertain and to pay tribute to the coaches for their tireless and adept help.

DORIS KAISER, '52

INTRAMURAL HOCKEY CHAMPS

Kneeling—Kay Kindred, Dorothy DeAngelis, Sandra Sonnenschein, Jacqueline Ball. *Standing*—Barbara Sealand, Mary Jane Manning, Diana Brookfield (Captain), Jenny Hofman, Geraldine Beenstock.

Intramural Hockey

IN addition to Varsity and Red and Blue hockey an extensive intramural tournament was held this year. All those taking hockey were divided into seven teams with seven players on each team instead of the customary eleven. Although this arrangement proved a bit tiring for the participants, all were spurred on by the keen sense of competition.

Because it snowed on the day of the final playoff, the winning team was chosen by means of a dodge ball game in which the players showed as much enthusiasm as they would have on the hockey field. Team I, led by its captain, Diana Brookfield, came out victorious. The other captains were Ann Kindred, Joan Gill, Vasilia Contomanolis, Mary Alice Wasson, Monica Ballard, and Phyllis Eitingon.

One of the important advantages of the intramural tournament was that every girl, including non-varsity players, was given the opportunity to play.

In short, everyone hopes that intramural tournaments will always remain a part of the Kew-Forest School sports.

GAIL GIFFORD, '52, and KAY KINDRED, '52

TEAM I—Diana Brookfield (Captain), Jacqueline Ball, Geraldine Beenstock, Dorothy DeAngelis, Jenny Hofman, Kay Kindred, Mary Jane Manning, Barbara Sealand, Sandra Sonnenschein. TEAM II—Mary Alice Wasson (Captain), Diana d'Arienzo, Faith Evans, Gail Gifford, Meredith Humbert, Peggy Ray, Phyllis Shapiro, Barbara Taylor. TEAM III—Monica Ballard (Captain), Justine Gillman, Connie Iskyan, Audrey Koeppel, Linda Pollak, Stella Simon, Frances Sparacio, Suzanne Stern, Sondra Ziet. TEAM IV—Ann Kindred (Captain), Elaine Humbert, Marilyn Jahn, Diane Lauer, Marlene Meyerson, Peggy Streifler, Sandra Weber, Ann Weingarden. TEAM V—Joan Gill (Captain), Marion Bolte, Nancy Cantor, Lois Lehrman, Hope Ringers, Abby Rodell, Babs Stokes, Frances Wilson. TEAM VI—Vasilia Contomanolis (Captain), Nancy Allan, Anita Fiddelman, Leola Kurz, Joan Markson, Kathleen Ohl, Joan Schimenti, Georgine Smith, Debbie Weissman. TEAM VII—Phyllis Eitingon (Captain), Marie Castro, Joan Conlan, Sue Gross, Carole Magdol, Jane Newhouse, Joy Siegel, Vera Saloman, Mary Anne Trump.

Captain Diana Brookfield

Kneeling—Ann Kindred, Connie Iskyan, Hope Ringers, Peggy Streifler (Captain), Vasilia Contomanolis, Frances Sparacio. *Standing*—Kay Kindred, Gail Gifford, Nancy Allan, Mary Alice Wasson, Geraldine Beenstock, Barbara Stokes, Georgine Smith (Manager).

Girls Basketball

SCHEDULE

			K-F	*Opp.*
Jan.	17	Woodhull	43	8
Jan.	31	Bentley	26	30
Feb.	14	Brooklyn Friends	31	20
Feb.	21	Garden Country Day	28	27
Feb.	28	Community House	37	45
			—	—
			165	130
Mar.	12	Faculty	46	37

Captain Peggy Streifler

THE basketball season of 1950-51 was a very short one, because of a late start and the fact that there were many holidays and exam periods to interfere. All the games were played on the home court to the enjoyment of everyone, since it enabled more Kew-Foresters to attend.

The opening game, which was considered merely a practice, was played with Woodhull Preparatory School and ended with a score of 46-8 in favor of the home team. Encouraged and inspired by this victory, the girls looked forward to a bright future.

The playing, however, proved to be erratic although in places the team came forth with energy and skill and showed what it really could do. The loss of the majority of last year's players, through graduation, also was a handicap and the season ended with unexpected defeats.

The high light of the season was the faculty-student game on March 12th, which was eagerly anticipated and enjoyed by all.

The class tournament closed the season with all classes competing against one another for the honor of highest athletic standing.

It is sincerely hoped that the future seasons of basketball will be as much fun as the past one has been. Kew-Forest is looking forward to a more successful season in 1952.

GEORGINE SMITH, '52

Kneeling—Ann Kindred, Phyllis Eitingon, Kay Kindred, Barbara Sealand. *Standing* — Barbara Stokes, Joy Siegel, Mary Alice Wasson, Gail Gifford, Peggy Streifler, Vasilia Contomanolis.

Lacrosse

THE 1951 Lacrosse season promises to be one of the very best yet. One of the first events on the program is the Play Day which is to be held at Friend's Academy, Locust Valley, on April 7th. Five Long Island schools will participate. Some of the plans include a Round-Robin Tournament and the selection of outstanding school girl players by members of the New York Women's Lacrosse Association and English coaches.

The season of 1950 was very successful for the Kew-Forest Varsity team. It played two games against Friend's Academy and won them both.

In 1949 the team was fortunate in having some members of the English Lacrosse Touring Team help in lacrosse. They improved its techniques and game strategy greatly. This year five of them are expected to return to the United States and one will be at Kew-Forest for a week.

Lacrosse is growing in popularity on Long Island. Four more schools will include it in their spring program, and Kew-Forest is looking forward to playing them and helping them build their teams. There will be an exhibition lacrosse game in April between the United States Touring Team and a team of English and all-American players. Kew-Forest expects to attend and benefit from their excellent playing techniques.

The season will be shorter than usual this year, but it is expected to be enjoyable and successful.

PEGGY STREIFLER, '51

SCHEDULE

		K-F	*Opp.*
May 11	Friends Academy	14	2
May 16	Friends Academy	13	1
		27	3

Captain Kay Kindred

HIGH SCHOOL SOFTBALL

Seated—Connie Iskyan, Geraldine Beenstock, Joan Gill. *Kneeling*—Frances Sparacio, Monica Ballard, Diana Brookfield, Sandra Weber.

Lower School Sports

HOCKEY

Left to right—Ione Kourides, Carol Egry, Monica Moran, Joan Gertz, Jessica Allan, Sandra Brown, Stephanie Smirnow.

LACROSSE

Kneeling—Joan Perera, Jeanmarie Manfredonia, Carol Baur, Mirian Sergenian. *Standing*—Maha Howrani, Rhona Ann Karshan, Judy Hitzig, Harriet Walker, Stephanie Smirnow, Joan Gertz.

Kneeling—James Clark, Gilbert Colombo, Kenneth Bolte, Morris Tenner, Martin Lieberman, Charles Castro, Stanley Israel, Harry Lieberman. *Standing*—John Enright, David Gibson, Dikran Simidian, Donald Manning, Calvin Pohlman, Robert Landes (Captain), Daniel Fales, John Brehmer, Richard Bush, Jack Lee (Manager).

Varsity Soccer

THE 1950 soccer season in which Kew-Forest engaged showed all the fighting spirit and team-work that any one team could possibly display. The final record of the team was four wins, two losses, and one tie. This shows the true ability of the team because it played schools such as Blair Academy, which has an enrollment of six hundred boys, and which is noted for the brand of soccer that it plays. Among others were Trinity, which had a very good team, and Poly Prep, which also had an excellent squad.

Bob Landes, a senior, played one of the best brands of ball ever displayed at Kew-Forest School. Dan Fales also excelled, along with Donald Manning. For these reasons, these three students of Kew-Forest won a place on the New York City Private School All-Star Team, and in New York they were presented with trophies in recognition of their nomination to the team.

In all, Bob Landes scored ten goals for the season, a mighty fine mark to set.

As seniors like Bob Landes, Don Manning, Dan Fales and Bob Pascal go on to college, Kew-Forest will have to rebuild next season's squad, but one thing is sure: that the boys that follow the Class of '51 will show the same fighting spirit and good sportsmanship, as have all the other teams which have played for Kew-Forest School.

—Jack Lee, '54

SCHEDULE

			K-F	*Opp.*
Oct.	6	Woodmere Academy	4	1
Oct.	13	St. Paul's	5	0
Oct.	20	Trinity	1	1
Oct.	27	Poly Prep	0	1
Nov.	3	St. Paul's	4	0
Nov.	7	Columbia Grammar	3	0
Nov.	15	Blair Academy	1	3
			18	6

Captain Bob Landes

Seated—Lawrence Gross, Kenneth Siegel, Richard Barlow, Harold Dammann, Foster Ballard, Harold Lardaro, Jonathan Cole, Brewster Heller. *Kneeling*—Gerhard Fedde, Haig Dadourian, Philip Masters, Peter Breitman, Roy Chinman, Bruce Gibson. *Standing*—Harwood Levin, David Cantor, Charles Barton, Louis Moskowitz, Anthony Moran, Henry Assael, Warren Kingman, Otto Schafer, David Ailion, John Richardson, Richard Bright.

J.V. Soccer

SCHEDULE

			K-F	*Opp.*
Oct.	25	Poly Prep	3	0
Oct.	30	John Lewis Childs	1	2
Nov.	8	John Lewis Childs	3	0
Nov.	13	Woodmere	1	0
			8	2

SCRIMMAGE IN THE GOAL MOUTH

THE Kew-Forest School Jay-Vee Soccer team had a very good season, winning three and losing one game.

Stan Israel starred for K-F as they shut out Poly Prep 3-0 in the first game of the year. Dick Simidian and Jim Clark also scored.

Peter Breitman tallied Kew-Forest's lone goal as they were defeated by Floral Park-Bellerose, 2-1. Breitman was credited with the goal when an opposing player tipped the ball into his own net.

Tony Moran, along with Dick Simidian, enabled Kew-Forest to win its second game of the year, defeating John Lewis Childs-Bellerose, three to nothing. In this contest, Moran scored twice while Simidian netted the twines once.

The last game of the season was played with plenty of spirit, and it saw Kew-Forest nip Woodmere, one to nothing, with Dick Simidian scoring the decisive marker in the final minutes of the game.

All together, this was a season to look back upon with pride; but Kew-Forest hopes to have an even better one, next year.

JACK LEE, '54

Kneeling—Edward Seibert, William Barnes, Charles Castro, Stanley Israel, Alfred Toigo. *Standing*—Edward Coffey, Robert Landes, Calvin Pohlman, Harold Pascal, John Brehmer, Mr. Walter Nelson (Coach).

Boys Basketball

THE 1950-51 basketball season was approached by a Kew-Forest team determined to improve on its 9-4 record of last year. After a few days of practice it was clear that the prospects for a good season were bright. Led by its captain, Bob Pascal, and seniors Charles Castro, Bob Landes and John Brehmer, the team showed plenty of spirit. Newcomers Al Toigo and Hal Pascal plus Kew-Forest veterans Ed Coffey, Cal Pohlman and Dick Simidian added the balance and depth a good team needs.

After winning the first five games on its schedule, the Kew-Forest victory string was broken by a Birch Wathen team determined to avenge an earlier loss. Coming from behind in the last minute, Birch Wathen won 51-49.

The team showed its mettle in its next game by beating in an overtime thriller a strong Stevens Academy five. Hal Pascal's eight overtime points led the way to a 62-58 win.

Against Dwight the team played good ball and only the first half lead of the New Yorkers kept Kew-Forest from another win. This Dwight team was the most rugged opponent on the Kew-Forest schedule.

		SCHEDULE	*K-F*	*Opp.*
Jan.	3	Bentley	62	51
Jan.	10	Garden Country Day	54	38
Jan.	12	Birch Wathen	61	48
Feb.	2	Bentley	54	42
Feb.	9	Garden Country Day	56	46
Feb.	16	Birch Wathen	49	51
Feb.	21	Stevens Academy	62	58
Mar.	2	Dwight	59	69
Mar.	9	Friends Seminary	61	45
			518	448

Kneeling—Kenneth Bolte, Gilbert Colombo, Warren Kingman, Martin Lieberman. *Standing*—David Gibson, James Clark, John Enright, Henry Assael, David Cantor.

Seated—Martin Lieberman, James Clark. *Kneeling*—William Ashton, Dikran Simidian, Gilbert Colombo, Charles Castro, Warren Kingman, John French, John Enright. *Standing*—David Gibson, Edward Seibert, Louis Moskowitz, Donald Manning, Stanley Israel, Robert Landes, John Farrell, Calvin Pohlman, Donald Lutz, Harold Pascal, John Brehmer, Jack Lee (Manager).

1950 Varsity Baseball

SCHEDULE

			K-F	*Opp.*
Apr.	21	Woodmere Academy	7	14
Apr.	28	Riverdale School	2	12
May	12	Dwight School	18	1
May	17	Woodmere Academy	5	1
			32	28

Captain Charles Castro confers with coaches.

THIS year, the baseball team broke even: two games won and two games lost; but the important thing was the record number who went out for this native American sport.

Through sports like baseball, the boys learn real sportsmanship and fair play. Everyone can be a good winner, but how many can be good losers? That is the thing which is stressed by Mr. Delahunt (Del) and Mr. Nelson, Kew-Forest's able athletic directors.

At the start of the season, there was a feeling of depression which was natural after having lost several of the top baseball players through graduation; but, as the season got under way, the team started to shape up and won the last two games with scores of 18 to 1 and 5 to 1, respectively. After this preparation, there is little doubt that next season will be even better than this. With many boys coming up from the lower grades and many more entering Kew-Forest, Del is expecting great things from the baseball team in 1951.

HARRY LIEBERMAN, '51

Kneeling — Warren Kingman, Peter Breitman, Philip Masters, Thomas Dadourian, Lawrence Gross, Haig Dadourian, Ellis French. *Standing* — Peter Ellen, Bruce Gibson, Harwood Levin, Charles Barton, Gerhard Fedde, Henry Assael, John French, Anthony Moran, Jack Lee (Manager).

1950 Boys Softball

THIS second season of boys softball was very successful. The boys not only won two out of four games played, but they all enjoyed themselves and learned a great deal about the sport. Softball is relatively new in Kew-Forest, but it looks as if it is here to stay. It was started in 1949 as an experiment and has worked out very well, judging by the large number of boys who have gone out for it.

Under the capable guidance of Mr. Delahunt and Mr. Nelson, the boys are learning about baseball through a medium which enables them to have fun at the same time. Although softball may appear easier than hardball to those who have never played both, it is in reality a faster game, because of the shorter distances between bases and between the pitcher and the batter. Many on this year's softball team will be second string or possibly even first string on the varsity next year.

Softball has given Kew-Forest, for the first time, its own farm-team system.

Those who participated are as follows: D. Ailion, P. Breitman, H. Dadourian, P. Ellen, G. Fedde, B. Levin, D. Simidian, H. Assael, K. Bolte, D. Cantor, G. Colombo, C. Barton, J. Enright, J. French, W. Kingman, L. Moskowitz, P. Kray, H. Lieberman (mg'r.), M. Tenner.

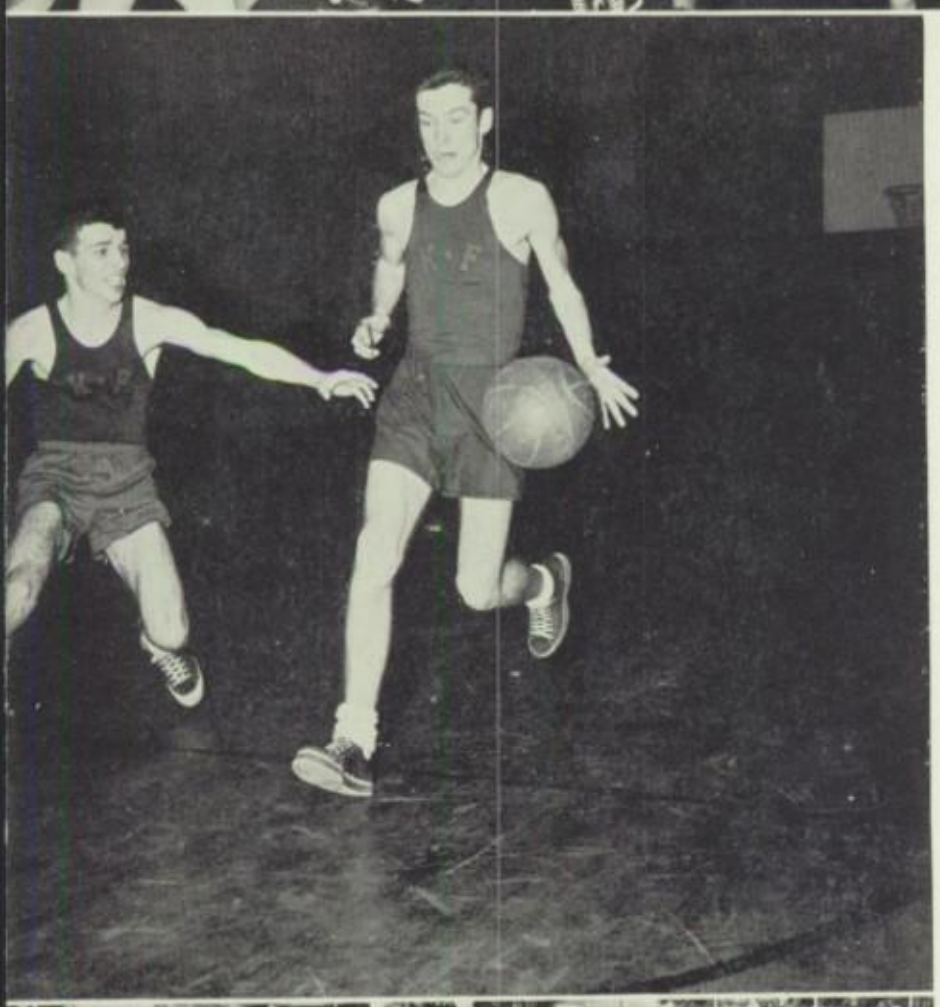
HARRY LIEBERMAN, '51

SCHEDULE

			K-F	*Opp.*
Apr.	21	Woodmere Academy	3	4
May	12	Bellerose School	18	15
May	17	Woodmere Academy	3	2
May	22	John Lewis Childs	6	9
			30	30

Captain Warren Kingman and Mr. Walter Nelson.

Top left—Circular tackle by Vasilia Contomanolis. *Top right*—Bully completed. Marilyn Jahn, Monica Ballard, Vasilia Contomanolis and Elaine Humbert retrieving the ball. *Center*—Scramble under the boards for the rebound. *Bottom left*—Vasilia Contomanolis intercepts Joy Siegel's pass to Marilyn Jahn. *Bottom right*—Reaching for a high one.



Top left—Jump ball between Toigo and Landes. *Top right*—Toigo passes off to Landes. *Center*—Harold Pascal dribbling through. *Bottom left*—Captain Castro tags out Landes at second. *Bottom right*—Clark caught in a run down.

MISCELLANEOUS

The hoary head, the wizened face,

Deeply scarred from strife—

He seeks the truth—he sees the soul!

Philosopher of life.

Kew-Forest School Association

New Heights are Reached, in Numbers, Interest and Enthusiasm

DURING the past year, because the Kew-Forest School enrollment is the highest in its history, the membership of the Association of parents and teachers has been the largest. As always, from the founding of this group, the spirit within the organization has been friendly, loyal and far-seeing. This year's program has been varied and interesting and in some ways the best in the history of the organization. In every way, the year 1950-1951 has been the Association's best year.

The program began, on October 9th, 1950, with *Thelma Ritter* of film-world fame, (Mrs. Joseph Anthony Moran), mother of Monica and Anthony, two pupils in the School, who spoke on the subject: *Hollywood as It Seems to Me.* Through *Thelma Ritter* glamor came to Kew-Forest School. A seasoned, astute, intellectual, nationally known speaker, Dr. Howard Lowry, President of the College of Wooster, Ohio, inspired his audience of men and women, the evening of November 17th, 1950, when his subject was: *Where the Differences Are Made.* Mr. Homer J. Cleary wrote and directed three one-act plays with Kew-Forest School pupils, in the casts, before fathers, mothers, teachers and guests, in a program that had a professional touch, January 8th, 1951. Miss Virginia Lee, an Alumna of Kew-Forest School and William and Mary College, now connected with the Educational Testing Service, at Princeton, New Jersey, was the speaker on: *What Testing and College Boards Mean to Your Sons and Daughters,* at the February 13th, 1951 meeting. Dr. James F. Bender, Director of the National Institute of Human Relations, a speech expert, came to the April 9th, 1951 meeting with the subject: *How to Speak Well.* The annual election was held at that meeting.

The Board meetings, held on the week before the regular Association meetings, have been helpful in making the organization effectual. These have been held at the school, once at the home of Mrs. John C. Kindred, again at the home of Mrs. George K. Ross, but most of the Board sessions have been entertained at the home of Mrs. Benjamin W. Streifler.

On the evening of November 17th, 1950, the tenth annual Football Bridge was held at the Community House of Forest Hills Gardens and was largely attended and supported by parents, pupils, teachers and friends. From this, the one fund-raising project of the year, a fair sum was added to the building fund of the Association, for the School. The Association is far-sighted in looking forward to the needs of the School.

The officers for the year 1950-1951 are President, Mrs. Benjamin W. Streifler; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Albert W. Morse, Mrs. Stanley A. Odlum, Mrs. Rex Smith, Mrs. G. Piers Brookfield; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Preston Hazelwood; Recording Secretary, Mrs. John Hetherington; Treasurer, Mrs. Arthur Moskowitz. The Chairmen of Committees: Ways and Means, Mrs. Marion de la Ossa; Program, Mrs. George K. Ross; Membership, Mrs. John C. Kindred; Refreshments, Mrs. Eustace Taylor; Parliamentarian and Chairman of Publicity, Dean Lucy Allen Smart.

THE 1950 COMMENCEMENT

Commencement 1951 Plans

THE Commencement of the Class of 1951 will be held in the Community House of Forest Hills Gardens, on the evening of June 1, 1951, in a setting that is most attractive. Senior speakers will be John Robert Brehmer, Harry Max Lieberman, and Frances Margaret Sparacio. Dr. James L. Dixon, Headmaster, and the Honorable Nicholas M. Pette, President of the Board of Trustees, will award the diplomas to the members of the graduating class, after they have been presented by Dean Lucy Allen Smart. Under the leadership of George R. Cronemiller, Musical Director, the High School students will sing *All Creatures of Our God and King,* words by Saint Francis of Assisi, music of the 17th Century with descant by D. McK. Williams, and the traditional *Veni Creator,* Gounod, *All Hail to Thee Kew-Forest,* and *The Star-Spangled Banner.* The Seniors, following the custom for many years, will sing *Cara Alma Mater.*

The faculty members, wearing academic gowns and hoods, as usual, will lead in the Processional and Recessional pageant. Hof Hall of the Community House will resemble a spring garden, with cut flowers and sprays of green smilax.

The Senior Prom

THE members of the Class of 1951 held the annual Senior Prom, March 30, 1951, in the Cotillion Room of the Hotel Pierre, New York City.

To Our Gifted Artists

THE *Blotter of 1951* is indebted to Joan Markson, a member of High School I Class, for her vital, creative art work, as shown in the Frontispiece and Division pages. Considering the youth of the artist, her art work is powerful and most original.

The Senior cartoons are the art work of Janice Wolford. The illustrations are the contribution of the members of the Art Classes. *The Blotter* staff is grateful to all of these students.

Boys Athletic Awards Presented May 20, 1950

Mr. and Mrs. James Hassall Cup to the Best All Around Athlete, awarded to R. Pascal. Class of 1938 Trophy for the Greatest Number of Points, to R. Landes. Studio Art Club Cup for Best Sportsmanship, to B. Slater. David Miller Soccer Cup, to M. Landes. Class of 1947 Basketball Trophy, to R. Staab. Baseball Trophy to R. Pascal, R. Staab. Improvement at Sports, to J. Clark. Softball Cup, to K. Bolte, D. Simidian. Tennis Trophy, to B. Miller. Scrolls and Blazers, to R. Aissa, M. Landes, R. Staab. J. V. and Varsity letters awarded to the following: Varsity Soccer, Basketball, and Baseball: C. Castro, E. Coffey, R. Landes, B. Miller, R. Pascal, B. Slater. Varsity Soccer, Baseball: J. Farrell, D. Manning. Varsity Soccer: D. Fales. Manager Soccer, Basketball, Baseball: H. Lieberman. J. V. Soccer, Basketball, and Varsity Baseball: R. Bush, D. Lutz. J. V. Soccer, Varsity Basketball and Baseball: C. Pohlman. J. V. Soccer, Basketball and Varsity Baseball: J. Clark, M. Lieberman. J. V. Soccer, Basketball and Softball: D. Ailion, H. Assael, C. Barton, K. Bolte, P. Breitman, R. Bright, D. Cantor, G. Colombo, H. Dadourian, P. Ellen, J. Enright, G. Fedde, B. Gertz, W. Kingman, P. Kray, H. Levin, L. Moskowitz, D. Simidian, M. Tenner, J. Warner, E. Wennerstrom. J. V. Soccer, Basketball: N. Hubbard.

Girls Athletic Awards Presented May 18, 1950

Hockey: Fifth Year Varsity: J. Berman, G. Stone. Fourth Year Varsity: M. Busignies. Third Year Varsity: P. Batterman, G. Gifford (captain), K. Kindred, P. Streifler, M. A. Wasson. First Year Varsity: M. Ballard, V. Contomanolis, J. Gill, A. Goodall, M. Maser. Junior Varsity Hockey: P. Eitingon, K. Ohl, J. Ramsay, M. Rapp, B. Sealand, B. Stokes, A. Weingarden. Basketball: Third Year Varsity: P. Batterman, J. Berman, G. Stone. Second Year Varsity: P. Streifler. First Year Varsity: M. Busignies (captain), G. Gifford, H. Heuston, K. Kindred, S. Weber. Second Year J. V.: M. A. Wasson. First Year J. V.: M. Ballard, V. Contomanolis, S. Ellen, J. Gill, J. Hofman, A. Kindred, C. Magdol, J. Newhouse, F. Sparacio, B. Stokes. Lacrosse: Fifth Year Varsity: J. Berman, G. Stone (captain). Fourth Year Varsity: K. Kindred, M. A. Wasson. Third Year Varsity: G. Gifford, P. Streifler. Second Year Varsity: M. Busignies, V. Contomanolis, A. Goodall. First Year Varsity: P. Eitingon, A. Kindred, B. Stokes, B. Sealand, J. Siegel. Softball: Fifth Year Varsity: P. Batterman (captain). Second Year Varsity: J. Gill. First Year Varsity: M. Ballard, M. Maser, S. Weber, F. Sparacio. Hockey Managers: H. Heuston, L. Moss. Basketball Managers: N. Cantor, S. Morse. G. A. A. Representatives: H. S. Prep, A. Weingarden; H. S. 1A and 1B, B. Sealand; H. S. II, P. Brodie; H. S. III, S. Ellen; President of the G. A. A., P. Batterman. Banquet Chairman, P. Orr.

The Stars as

Top—Greenwich Village, Kew-Forest Style—Louis Moskowitz and Janice Wolford, artist of the 1950 *Blotter,* awarded Honors in Art. Through the Portals of Achievement—Charles Barton, awarded *Van Dyke Cup,* for Most Progress in French.

Center—Enough Latin; on to Ticktacktoe—Norman Hubbard and David Ailion, awarded *Citation to the Best Pupils in Latin.* Devising Divider Pages. Joan Markson, artist of the 1951 *Blotter.*

Bottom—Buenos Dias, Señorita—Vera Salomon and Morris Tenner, awarded *Citation for Excellence in Spanish,* and *Schumann Cup,* for the Best Student in Spanish, respectively. All the World's His Lab—Harry Lieberman, awarded *Best Student in Chemistry Cup.*

K.-F. Sees Them

Top—Never Later than Early—Frances Sparacio, awarded *The Attendance Cup*. Putting the Polish on a Hot Item—Jack Lee, star sports writer.

Center—General Science at Its Finest—Barbara Taylor, awarded *Citation to the Best Pupil in Elementary Science*. So This Is How She Does It—Anita Fiddelman, awarded *The Most Improvement in Scholarship Cup*.

Bottom—How about This One?—Dolores Janes and Barbara Smith, Lower School Librarians. The Last Word in Debating—Lois Moss, *Award for Excellence in Debating Contest*.

STUDENTS-EYE-VIEW OF KEW-FOREST

First row—Lower School Leaders. Junior Kefauvers. Recess Rhythm. *Second row*—Just Between You and Me. Queens Boulevard, U. S. A. Primary One Jam. First Marking Period Coming Up. *Third row*—Birth of a Senior Skit. Chaperone Chatter. Where's the Bus? Half-Time Confab. *Fourth row*—No Privacy! A K.-F. Evening. Out for Some Sunshine.

First row—Social Studies, 100%. Poor Tony. Thinking in Five Languages. *Second Row*—Levity in the Lab. Varsity '58. Break between Classes. Noontime Conference. *Third row*—Empty Chairs, Crowded Floor. Music, Maestro! *Fourth row*—Let's Get Together. Got It! Senior Outside Reading.

THE RED TEAM

THE BLUE TEAM

Reds and Blues

ONE of the things that enhances the spirit of Kew-Forest School is the keen competition of the Red and Blue teams. Any girl that doesn't take advantage of the privilege of being a Red or Blue misses a great part of Kew-Forest life.

All girls have an opportunity to be on either the Red or the Blue team, and each girl is as important as the next one, whether she is in Primary Two or High School Four.

The primary grades play games and learn the principles of good sportsmanship from the very beginning. By the time they finish the intermediate grades, they have had all their basic training in hockey and lacrosse. They are skillfully prepared to enter into the competition they will meet in the High School.

This competition is a tooth and nail fight all year long. Line-hockey, dodge ball, first team hockey, basketball, lacrosse, and softball games make up the supposedly minor events, but each adds points to the final score.

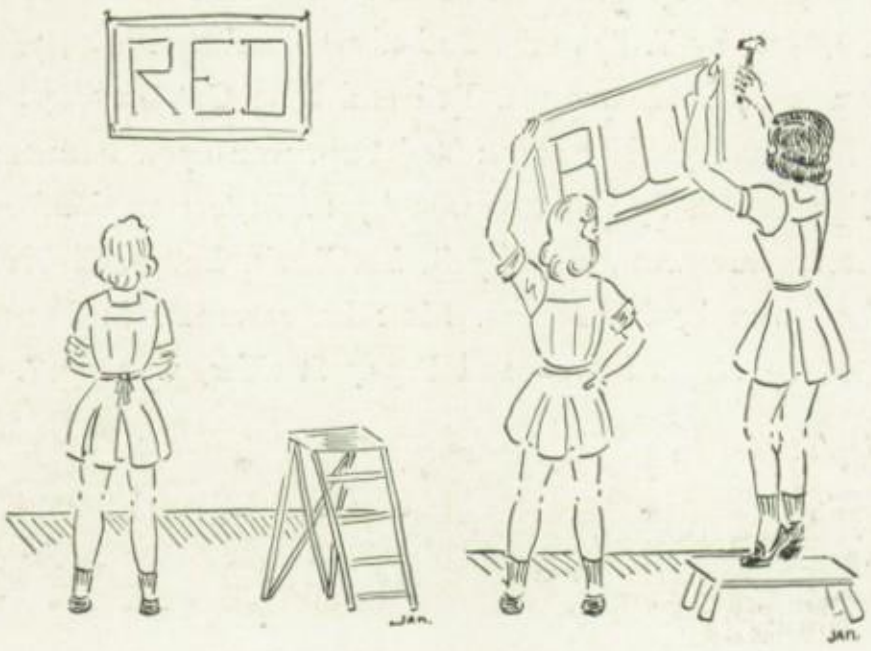
Indoor Gym Meet, Stunt Night, and Field Day are the big competitive events of the year of which Stunt Night is the most outstanding. The teams write skits and sing songs. The most original of each wins.

Then comes the most exciting night of the year—the banquet—when cups are awarded for athletic achievements and the victorious team is announced. Whether a winner or a loser, every girl expresses a wonderful spirit and attitude that are kept not only that night, but throughout the school years and always.

GAIL GIFFORD, '52 and KAY KINDRED, '52

Competition of Reds and Blues Among Girls

THE annual contest between the Red and Blue Teams, including all girls of the school, draws to a close. It is impossible as the *Blotter* goes to press to choose the winner for the year 1950-1951. The Reds won first place in 1927, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1943, 1947, 1948 annd 1950. The Blues were victors in 1928, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1941, 1942, 1944, 1945, 1946 and 1949.



Lower School Awards for Boys and Girls

Girls: Intermediate Hockey Test: C. Egry, M. Jahn, M. Rapp. Junior Hockey Test: S. Brown, J. Gillman, M. Moran, E. Sergenian. Hockey Improvement: B. Arraiz, F. Baggs, J. Ball, B. Lagrange, J. McCaffrey, L. Janes, B. McGinnis, J. Manfredonia, K. vanDuyl, B. White, D. Weissman. Skill in Lacrosse: S. Arpaia, M. Jahn, M. Rapp, S. Smirnow. Lacrosse Improvement: C. Baur, J. Gertz, J. Hitzig, M. Howrani, R. A. Karshan, J. Manfredonia, J. Perera, B. Royster, M. Sergenian, H. Walker. Sportsmanship: C. Egry, L. Janes, G. Pallante, E. Sergenian, D. Weissman. Effort: J. Gertz, J. Hitzig, B. White. Most Improvement in All Sports: C. Egry. Skill in Games: I. Kourides, G. Pallante, S. Schneider. Improvement in Games: J. Carbine, B. Martin, L. Snyder, G. Wild.

Trophy Awards for Girls

Red and Blue Indoor Gym Meet Trophy, presented by Jean Kissock, won by Red Team, K. Kindred (captain). Mrs. David Millar Field Day Cup, won by Red Team, K. Kindred (captain). Leadership Award to Captain of Blue Team, P. Streifler. Kew-Forest Exercise Trophy for Highest Attendance, presented by V. Chalmers, won by F. Sparacio. Clark Trophy for Most Improvement in Lacrosse, won by A. Kindred. Hockey Improvement Cup, presented by Mrs. Alan Kissock, won by M. Ballard. Ethel Hassall Trophy for Most Improvement in All Sports, won by B. Stokes. Best All-Round Athletic Ability Cup, won by G. Stone. Award for Most Effort in Sports, presented by the Class of 1938, won by F. Sparacio. Basketball Excellence Cup, presented by Arline and June Ross, won by P. Batterman. Red and Blue Outstanding Service Cups, presented by Betty Hart and Joan Wigton: Red Cup, won by J. Berman; Blue Cup, won by G. Stone. High School Spirit Cup, won by P. Batterman. Walton Junior Hockey Trophy for Most Improvement, won by B. McGinnis. Betty and Nancy Healy Lower School Spirit Cup, won by M. Moran. Most Improvement in Lacrosse Cup (Lower School), presented by Kay Kindred and Peggy Streifler, won by S. Smirnow.

Student List

Ailion, David	H. S. IB
Ailan, Jessica	Int. IV
Allan, Nancy	H. S. III
Altes, Jeffrey	Pr. I
Altschuler, Joseph	Pr. II
Andrews, Melva	Pr. II
Ashton, William	H. S. II
Aslanian, John	Pr. II
Assael, Henry	H. S. II
Badanes, Peter	Pr. I
Ball, Jacqueline	H. S. P.
Ballard, Foster	Int. III
Ballard, Monica	H. S. II
Barlow, Richard	Int. III
Barnes, William	H. S. III
Barton, Charles	H. S. II
Baur, Carol	Int. II
Baur, Ronald	Pr. III
Baxt, William	Int. I
Bayern, Dorothy	K.
Beenstock, Geraldine	H. S. IV
Berkley, Betty	Pr. II
Berley, David	Int. III
Berley, Jane	Pr. II
Beyer, Lee	Pr. I
Beyer, Lynn	K.
Blum, Andrew	Int. II
Blum, Stephen	Int. II
Bolte, Kenneth	H. S. II
Bolte, Marion	H. S. III
Braemer, Carlton	Pr. II
Brehmer, John	H. S. IV
Breitman, Peter	H. S. IB
Bright, Richard	H. S. IB
Brooke, Paul	K.
Brookfield, Diana	H. S. II
Brown, Sandra	Int. IV
Buchanan, Ian	Int. IV
Burton, John	K.
Bush, Diane	H. S. P.
Bush, Richard	H. S. IV
Bush, Stephen	Int. I
Caine, Anthony	K.
Cantor, David	H. S. II
Cantor, Marcia	Int. III
Cantor, Nancy	H. S. IV
Carbine, Joyce	Int. I
Cassino, Julianna	Pr. II
Cassino, Peter	Int. II
Castro, Charles	H. S. IV
Castro, Marie	H. S. II
Chinman, Roy	Int. IV
Choderker, George	Pr. I
Clark, James	H. S. II
Coffey, Edward	H. S. III
Cole, Jonathan	Int. III
Cole, Laurence	Int. II
Colombo, Gilbert	H. S. II
Colton, Pamela	Pr. I
Conlan, Joan	H. S. IB
Contomanolis, Vasilia	H. S. IV
Coraci, Mary	H. S. II
Crabtree, James	K.
Cronin, Sabina	Pr. III
Curtis, Linda	Pr. III
Curtis, Thomas	Int. II
Dadourian, Haig	H. S. IB
Dadourian, Peter	Pr. II
Dadourian, Thomas	Int. I
Dahlstrom, Lawrence	Int. IV
Dammann, David	Int. I
Dammann, Harold	Int. III
d Arienzo, Diana	H. S. IV
DeAngelis, Dorothy	H. S. II
DeCoveny, Arlene	Pr. I
de la Ossa, Donna	Pr. II
Dennis, Mcnica	Pr. I
Dickel, Jacqueline	Pr. III
Dickel, Todd	Int. II
Dixon, Robert	Int. IV
Dobbs, Marian	Pr. III
Dobbs, Nancy	Pr. I
Dreyer, Martha	Pr. III
Dunn, Walter	H. S. P.
Egry, Carol	Int. IV
Eisenberg, Ann	Pr. I
Eisenberg, Stuart	K.
Eitingon, Phyllis	H. S. IB

Ellen, Peter	H. S. IB
Ellen, Suzanne	H. S. IV
Ellman, Victoria	K.
Enright, John	H. S. II
Evans, Faith	H. S. II
Fales, Daniel	H. S. IV
Fallek, Jane	K.
Farrell, John	H. S. IV
Fedde, Gerhard	H. S. IB
Fiddelman, Anita	H. S. II
Fitzgerald, Lucy	H. S. IA
Folia, Rodney	Pr. I
Follows, J. William	Int. I
Freed, Robert	Pr. I
French, Ellis	H. S. P.
French, John	H. S. II
Gazarian, Marie-Lise	H. S. IV
Geddes, Evelyn	Pr. II
Gertz, Joan	Int. IV
Gibson, Bruce	H. S. IA
Gibson, David	H. S. II
Gifford, Gail	H. S. III
Gill, Joan	H. S. II
Gillman, Justine	H. S. P.
Gillman, Michael	Pr. III
Gordon, Joan	Pr. III
Grant, Leslie	K.
Gray, Allan	Int. I
Gross, Lawrence	H. S. P.
Gross, Suzanne	H. S. III
Hagan, William	H. S. III
Hansen, Wayne	Pr. III
Hartman, Jessica	Int. III
Hazelwood, Gail	Pr. III
Heller, Brewster	Int. III
Hetherington, John	Int. IV
Himoff, Marc	Int. I
Hippeli, George	H. S. P.
Hitzig, Judith	Int. III
Hoddersen, Bernard	Int. I
Hofman, Jenny	H. S. III
Howrani, Maha	Int. III
Howrani, Rabee	Pr. II
Hubbard, Norman	H. S. III
Humbert, Elaine	H. S. II
Humbert, Meredith	H. S. IB
Iskyan, Consuelo	H. S. II
Israel, Stanley	H. S. III
Jahn, Marilyn	H. S. P.
Janes, Beverly	K.
Janes, Dolores	Int. IV
Janes, Frank	Pr. II
Kahn, Audrey	H. S. IA
Kaiser, Doris	H. S. III
Kammerer, Steven	Int. I
Karshan, Janet	Pr. II
Karshan, Rhona	Int. IV
Kass, Donald	K.
Kass, Nicholas	Pr. II
Kent, Edgar	Int. III
Kindred, Ann	H. S. IB
Kindred, Katherine	H. S. III
King, Amy	Pr. III
King, Joseph	Int. I
Kingman, Warren	H. S. II
Koeppel, Audrey	H. S. IA
Kourides, Ione	Int. I
Kourides, Nicholas	K.
Kray, Peter	H. S. III
Kurz, Leola	H. S. IA
LaGrange, Brenda	Int. III
Landes, Robert	H. S. IV
Langton, Raymond	Pr. I
Lardaro, Harold	Int. IV
Lauer, Diane	H. S. IA
Lee, Jack	H. S. IA
Lehrman, Lois	H. S. IV
Levin, Harwood	H. S. IB
Levin, John	Int. II
Levin, Joseph	Int. II
Lieberman, Harry	H. S. IV
Lieberman, Martin	H. S. II
Lippman, Harold	Int. I
Lippman, Kenneth	Int. IV
Lutz, Donald	H. S. III
Lutz, Kenneth	Int. IV
McCaffrey, Julianne	Int. II
McGinnis, Barbara	Int. IV
McGovern, Wallis	Pr. I
Magdol, Carole	H. S. IV
Manfredonia, Jeanmarie	Int. II
Manning, Donald	H. S. IV
Manning, Mary Jane	H. S. IB
Markson, Joan	H. S. IB
Martin, Brooke	Pr. III
Masters, Pamela	Pr. II
Masters, Philip	H. S. P.
Masters, Stephen	Int. I
Mesler, Frederick	Int. II
Meyerson, Marlene	H. S. II
Miles, Jeffrey	Pr. II
Miller, Britten	Pr. I

Miranda, Anthony	H. S. IV
Miron, Kenneth	Int. IV
Miron, Stephen	Pr. III
Moran, Joseph A.	H. S. P.
Moran, Monica	Int. II
Morse, Sally	H. S. III
Moskowitz, Louis	H. S. II
Moss, Lois	H. S. III
Muroff, Joan	K.
Neinken, Lynn	Pr. II
Newhouse, Jane	H. S. III
Newman, Charles	K.
Odlum, Lynn	Int. I
Odlum, Stanley	Int. IV
Ohl, Kathleen	H. S. II
Pallante, Gwen	Pr. III
Palmer, Morgan	K.
Pascal, Harold	H. S. II
Perera, Joan	Int. II
Pickman, James	Int. I
Pickman, Patricia	Pr. I
Pohlman, Calvin	H. S. II
Pollak, Linda	H. S. P.
Ramol, Norman	Int. II
Ray, Margaret	H. S. IA
Reiger, John	Pr. II
Richardson, John	H. S. IA
Ringers, Hope	H. S. II
Rodell, Abby	H. S. IA
Rosenthal, Stephen	H. S. II
Ross, Caroline	Pr. III
Ruden, Warren	Pr. III
Ruden, Wynne	H. S. III
Russo, Richard	Int. I
Salomon, Vera	H. S. II
Samson, Janet	H. S. P.
Schafer, Otto	H. S. P.
Schimenti, Joan	H. S. III
Schneider, Susan	Pr. III
Scopp, Ann	Pr. I
Sealand, Barbara	H. S. II
Seibert, Edward	H. S. III
Sergenian, Elyse	Int. III
Sergenian, Miriam	Int. II
Shapkin, John	Int. I
Shapiro, Phyllis	H. S. II
Siegel, Joy	H. S. III
Siegel, Kenneth	Int. IV
Simidian, Dikran	H. S. IB
Simon, Stella	H. S. II
Smirnow, J. Riley	Int. III
Smirnow, Stephanie	Int. IV
Smith, Barbara	Int. I
Smith, Georgine	H. S. III
Snyder, Lois	Int. I
Sonnenschein, Sandra	H. S. IB
Sparacio, Frances	H. S. IV
Sparer, Susan	Int. IV
Stern, Suzanne	H. S. IB
Stokes, Barbara	H. S. IB
Stone, Dee	Pr. III
Streifler, Margaret	H. S. IV
Sudakoff, Michael	Pr. III
Sukaskas, Joseph	K.
Sullivan, Jane	Int. I
Sullivan, Phyllis	K.
Taylor, Barbara	H. S. II
Tenner, Morris	H. S. IV
Toigo, Alfred	H. S. III
Trump, Elizabeth	Pr. III
Trump, Maryanne	H. S. IA
Tsamisis, Anastasia	H. S. IA
VanRanst, Elizabeth	K.
VanRanst, Susan	Pr. I
Voeth, Doren	Pr. I
Vogel, John	K.
vonKoch, Andrée	Pr. III
Walker, Berta	Int. I
Walker, Harriet	Int. III
Walker, Louise	Int. I
Warshaw, Iris	Pr. II
Wasson, Mary Alice	H. S. III
Weber, Sandra	H. S. IV
Weingarden, Ann	H. S. IB
Weiss, Joseph	Pr. III
Weiss, William	Pr. II
Weissman, Deborah	H. S. P.
Wellington, Patricia	Pr. II
White, Andrew	Pr. III
White, Barbara	Int. I
White, Joan	Pr. II
White, Paula	K.
Wild, Eugenia	Int. I
Williams, Gilbert	Int. I
Wilson, Frances	H. S. IB
Wolff, Lila	Pr. I
Wolford, Janice	H. S. II
Ziet, Sondra	H. S. III
Zimmermann, Lynne	Pr. I

The Members of the Class of 1951

Declaration of Independence

John R Bruhmer, President
Frances M. Saracio, Vice President
Lois Lehrman, Secretary
Danny Tales, Treasurer
Mike Fenner.

Carole Magdol
Suzanne Ellen
Nancy Easton
Vassie Cotsomanolis
Harry Lieberman
Peggy Streifer
Richard Bush
John Forrest
Charlie Castro
Bob Landes
Diana L. Briend
Ronald Manning
Sandy Weber
Bob Pascal
Marie-Lise Andrée Gazariau

JUNIOR CLASS

Nancy Allan
William Barnes
Marion Bolte
Edward Coffey
Gail Gifford
Susan Grosse
Billy Hagan
Jenny Hofman
Norman Hubbard
Stanley Israel
Doris Kaiser
Kay Kindred
Peter Kray
Don Lutz
Sally Morse
Lois Moss
Jane Newhouse
Wynne Ruden
Joan Scheimenti
Edward Seibert
Joy Siegel
Georgine Smith
Alfred Volgo
Mary Alice Wasson
Sandra Ziet

Best Wishes

to

THE BLOTTER

and

THE CLASS OF 1951

from

THE CLASS OF 1954

DAVID AILON
PETER BREITMAN
RICHARD BRIGHT
JOAN CONLAN
PHYLLIS EITINGON
PETER ELLEN
MEREDITH HUMBERT
ANN KINDRED
HARWOOD LEVIN
MARY JANE MANNING
JOAN MARKSON
DIKRAN SIMIDIAN
SANDRA SONNENSCHEIN
SUZANNE STERN
BARBARA STOKES
ANN WEINGARDEN
FRANCES WILSON

To the

CLASS OF 1951

Good Luck Always

MR. and MRS. SIDNEY M. BERMAN

Telephone: REctor 2-2838

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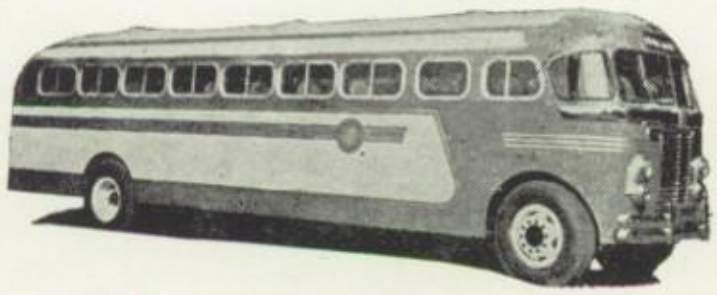

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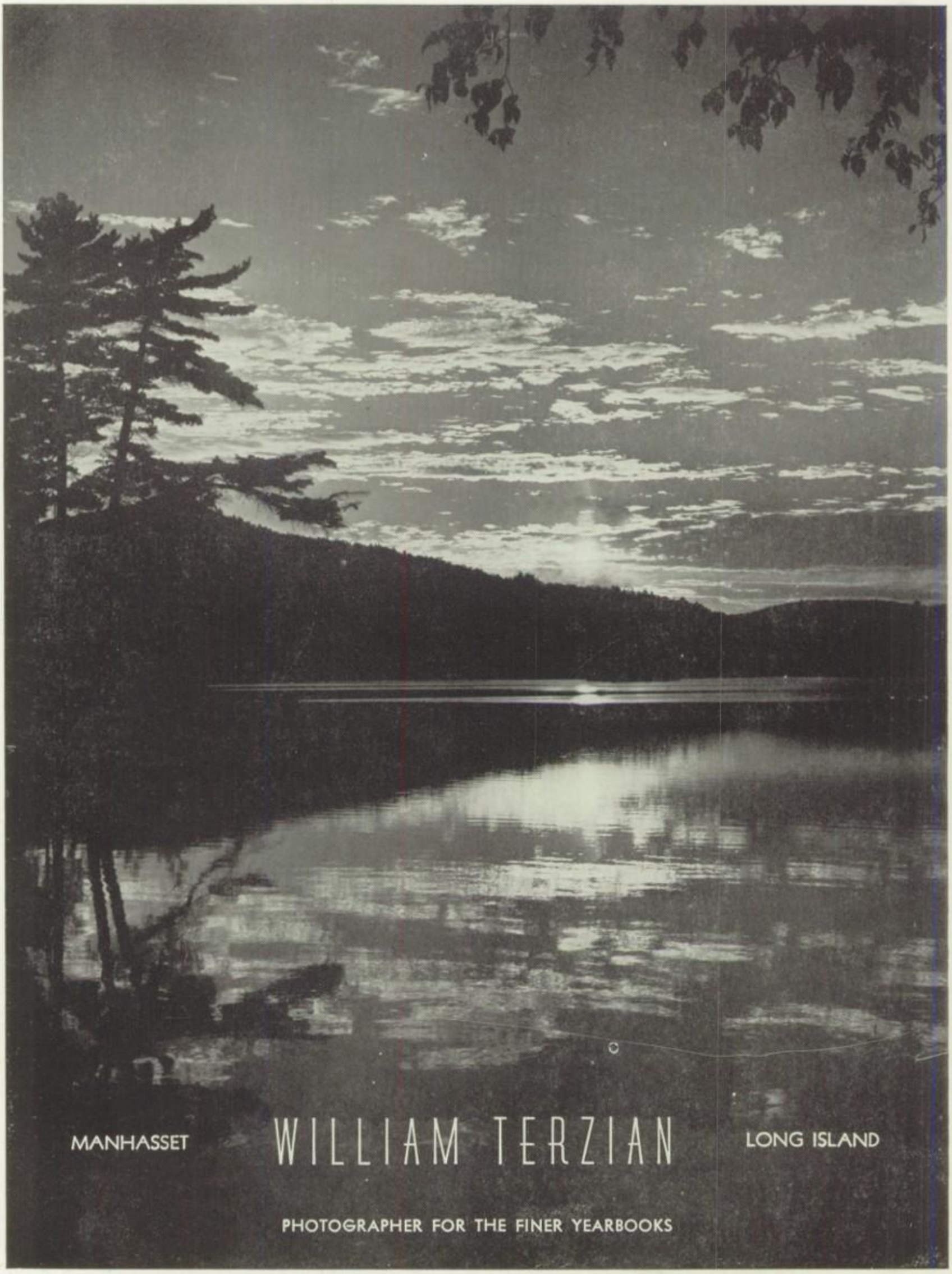
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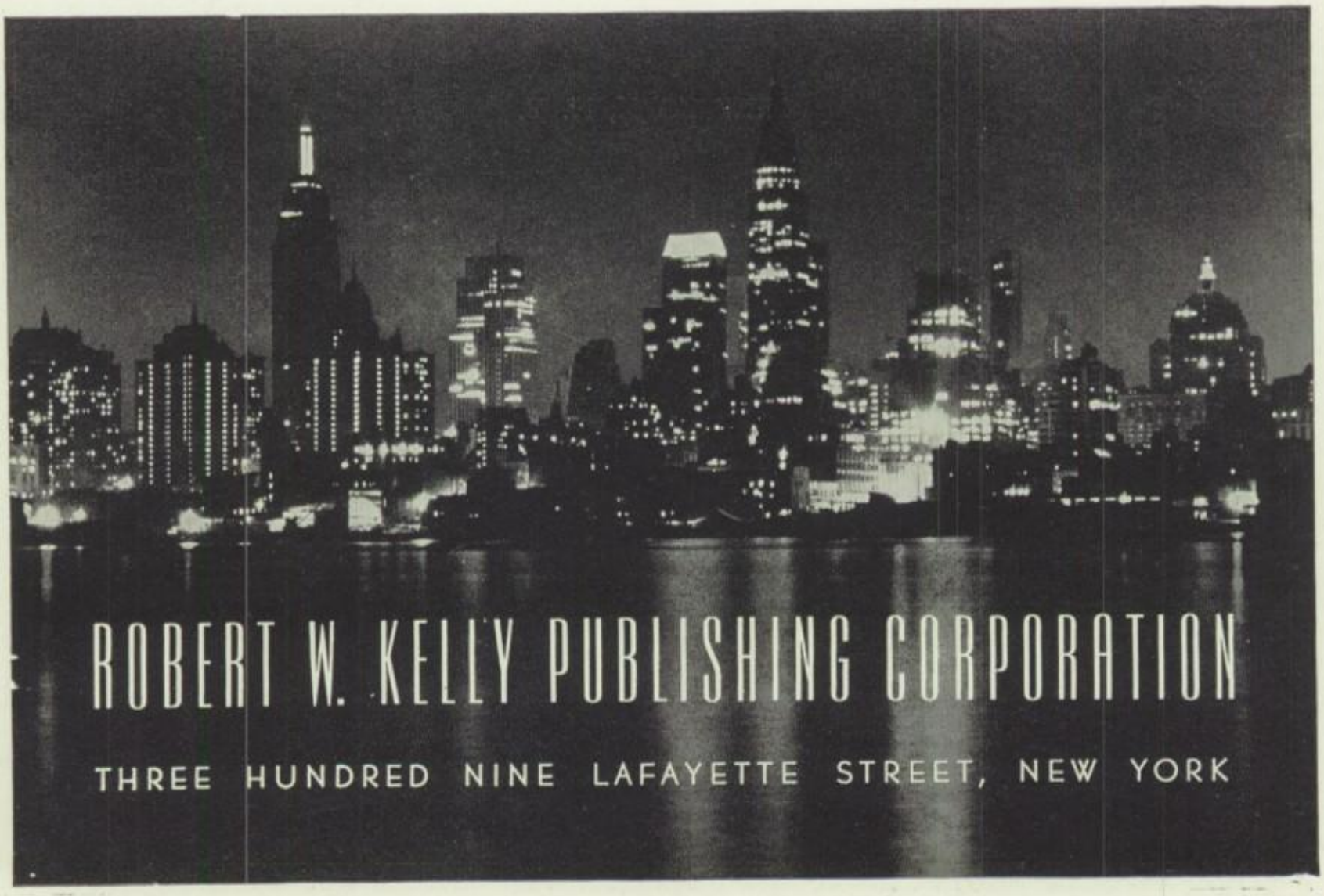

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